



37

EARLY
DEC 92

STAR BOY RETURNS IN A
LEAGUE OF HIS OWN!

Legion

OF SUPER-HEROES®



NEUEZER'X, CAPITAL
CITY OF NALTOR...

COACH!
COACH!

MR. KALLOR!

PLEASE, JUST
ONE MORE,
MR. KALLOR!

IT'S FOR MY DAUGHTER.
SIGN IT "TO LALASA..."

--WHICH
IS WHY THIS
WILL HAVE
TO BE THE
LAST ONE.
SO IF YOU'LL
ALL EXCUSE
ME...

OKAY, GALS
AND GUYS.
CURFEW.

BUT
COACH...

NO "BLITS,"
HOLDREN.
TOMORROW'S
GAME IS FOR
ALL THE MODULES.
WE'RE GONNA
NEED A FULL
NIGHT.

OKAY, "TO
LALASA..."

SO, ARE
WE GOING
TO WIN
TOMORROW,
COACH?

YOU BET
WE'RE GOING
TO WIN...
THERE YOU
GO...

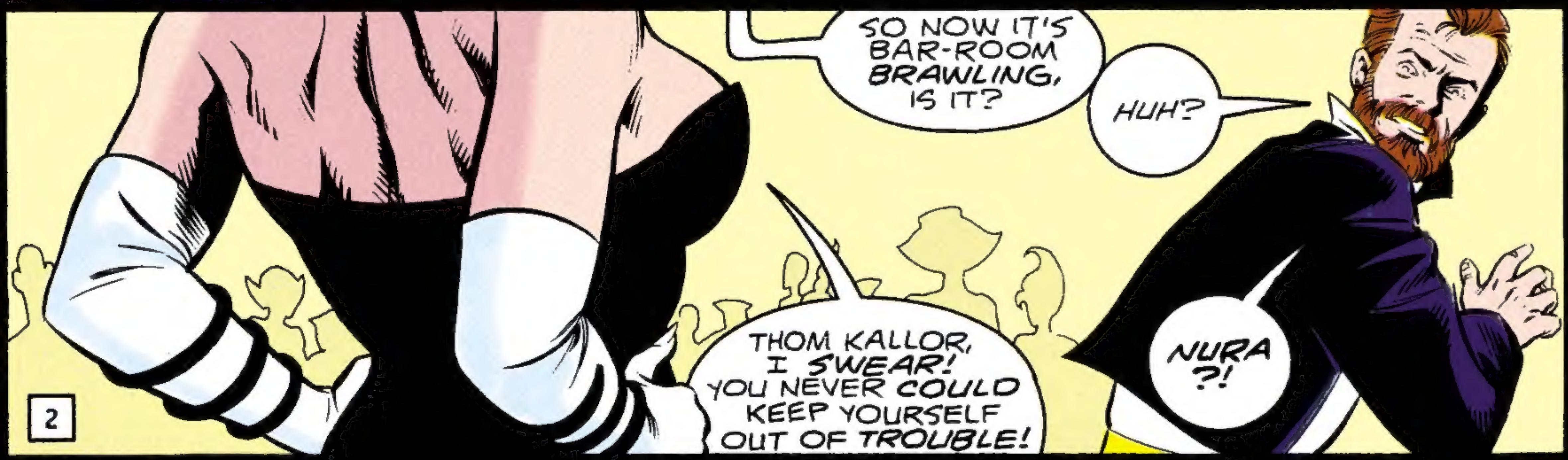
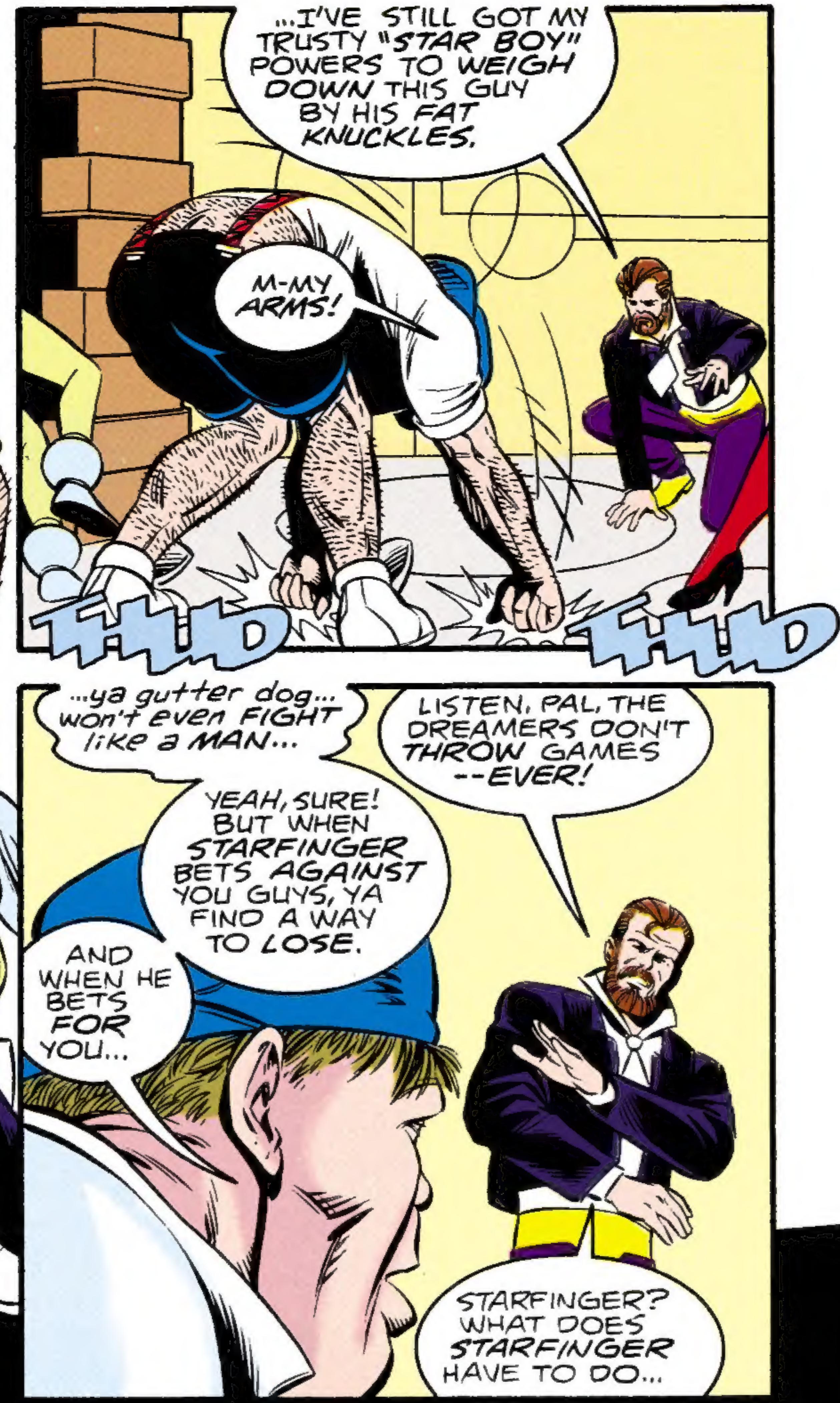
awwww

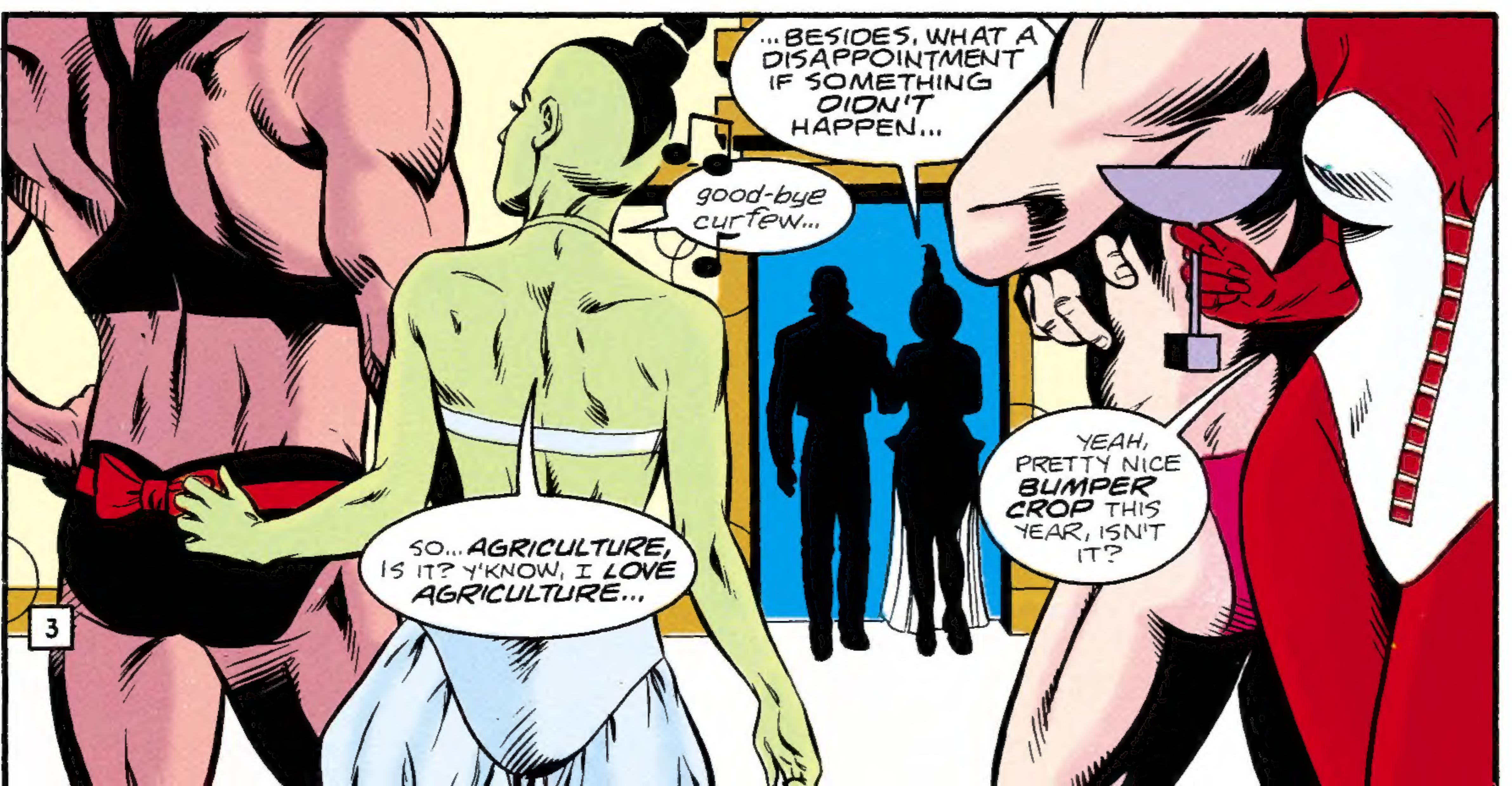
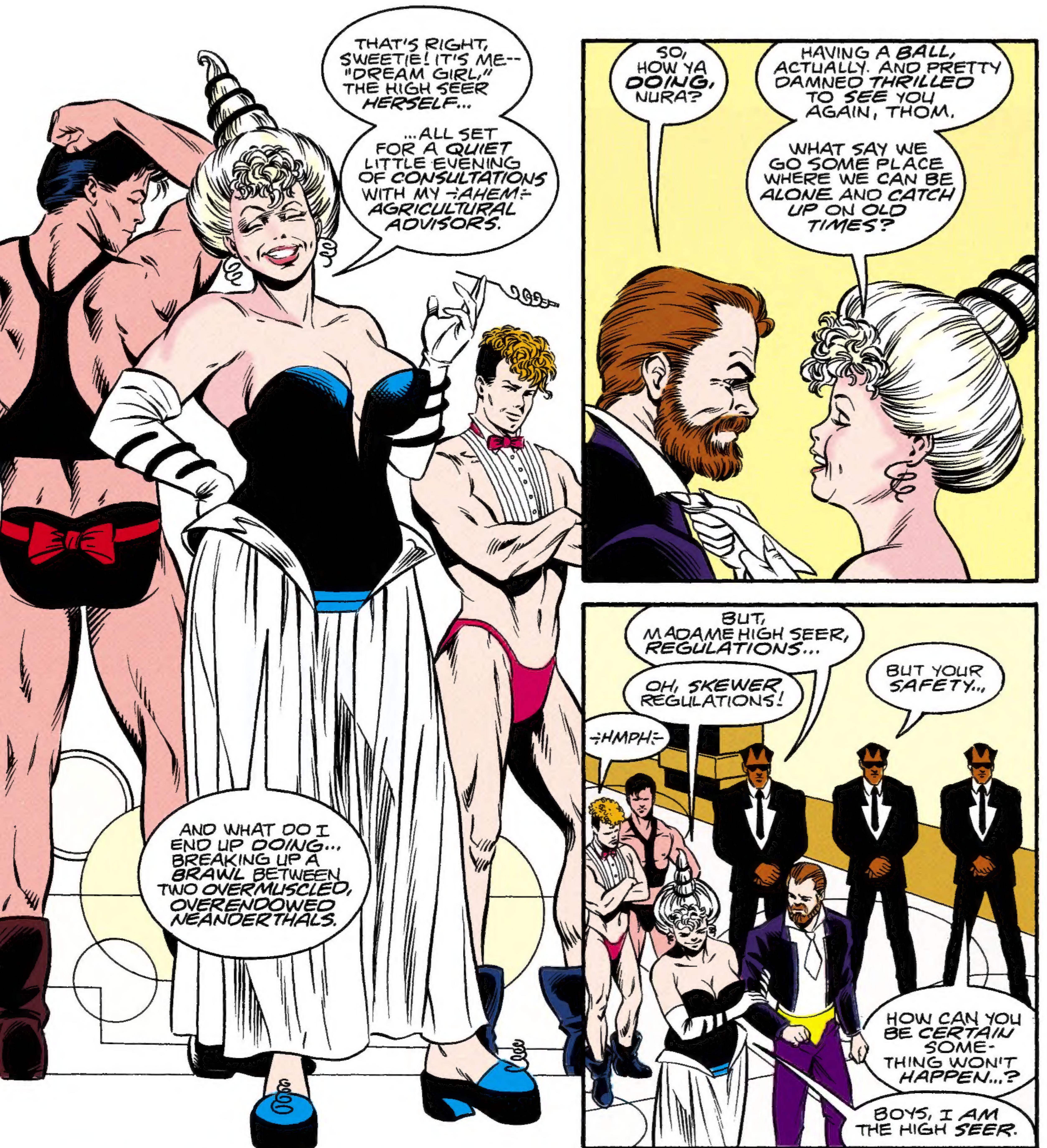
...AS
LONG
AS WE ALL
GET OUR
REST--

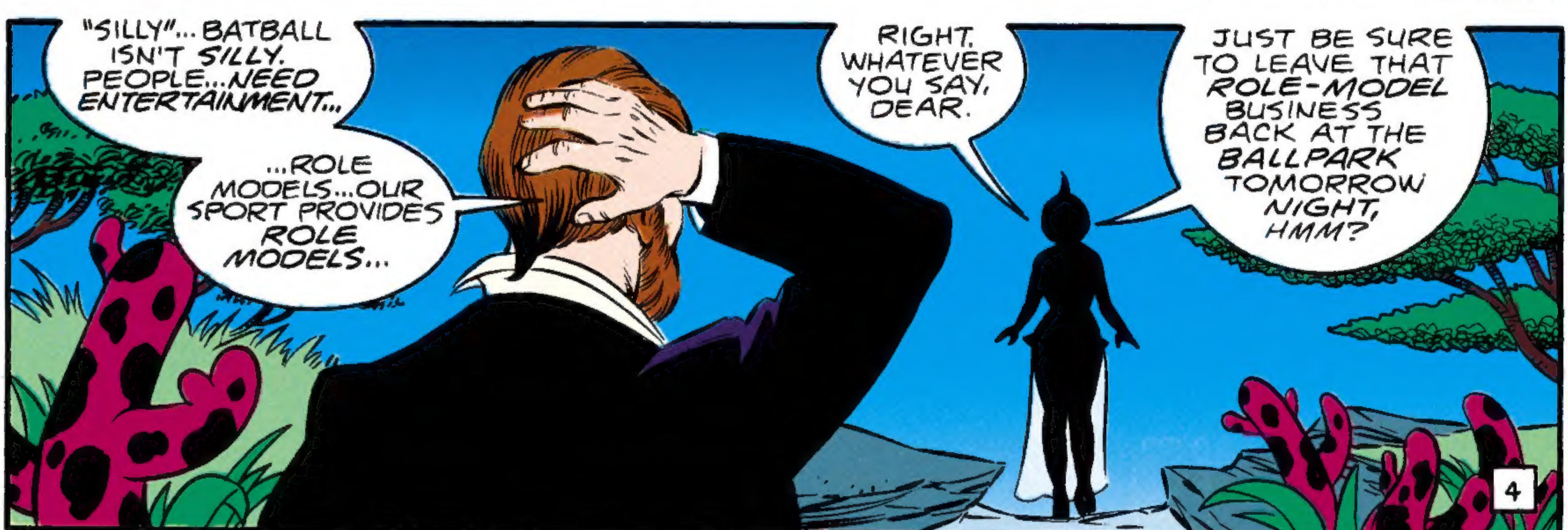
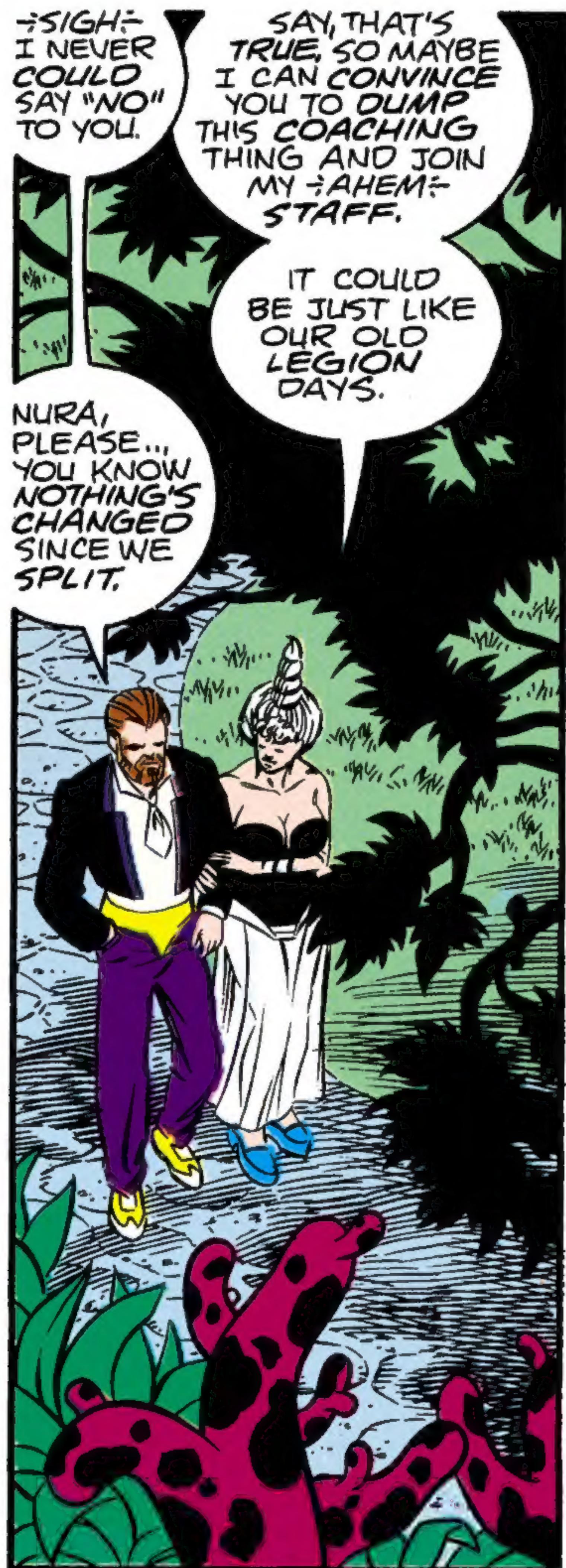
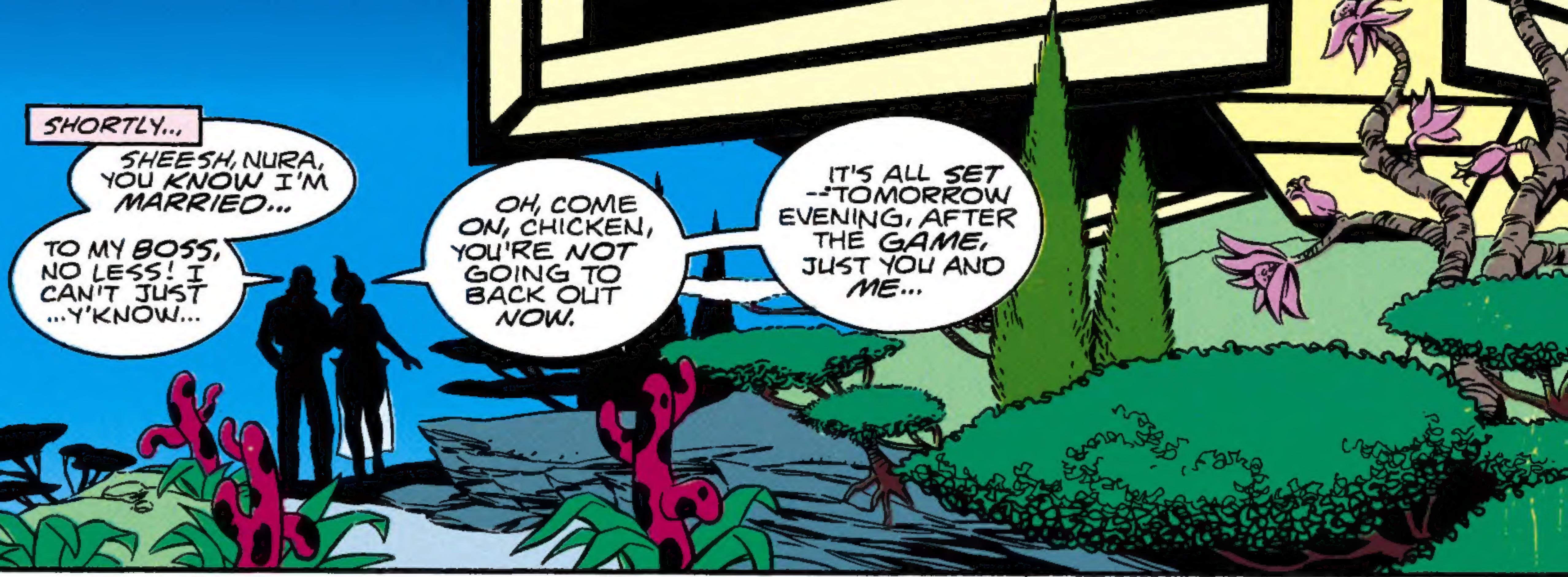
HEY, COACH?
TOUGH LOSS TODAY,
COACH...

OH...UH, THANK
YOU, SIR, BUT
WE'LL GET 'EM
TOMORROW.

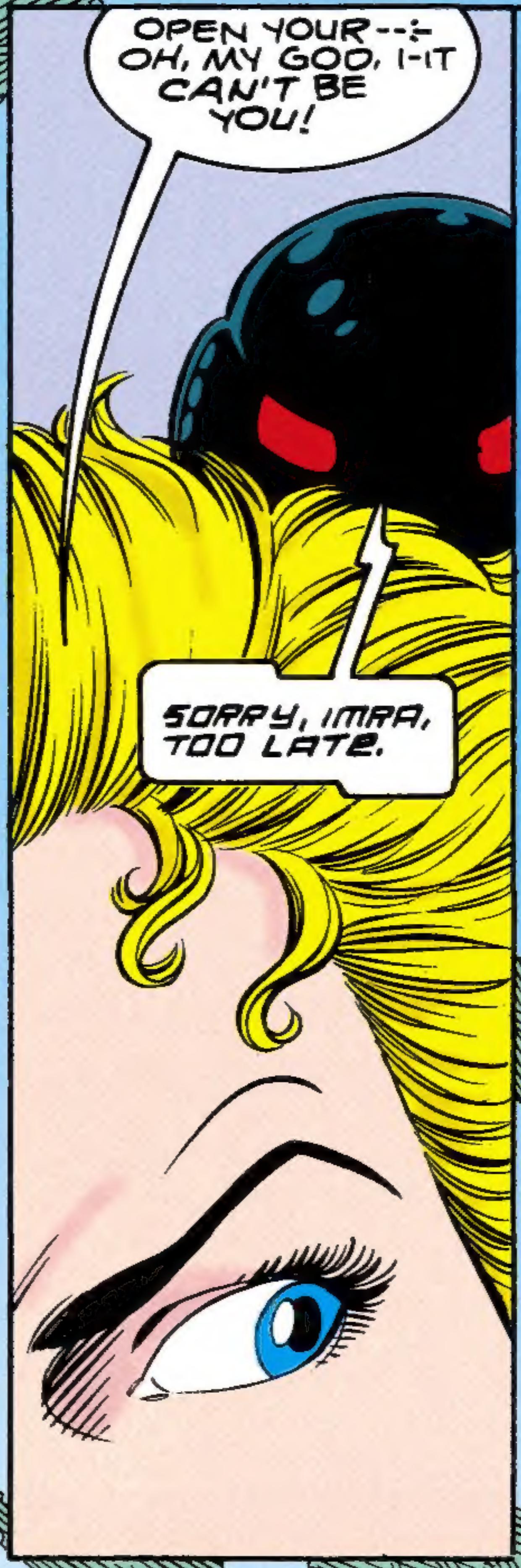
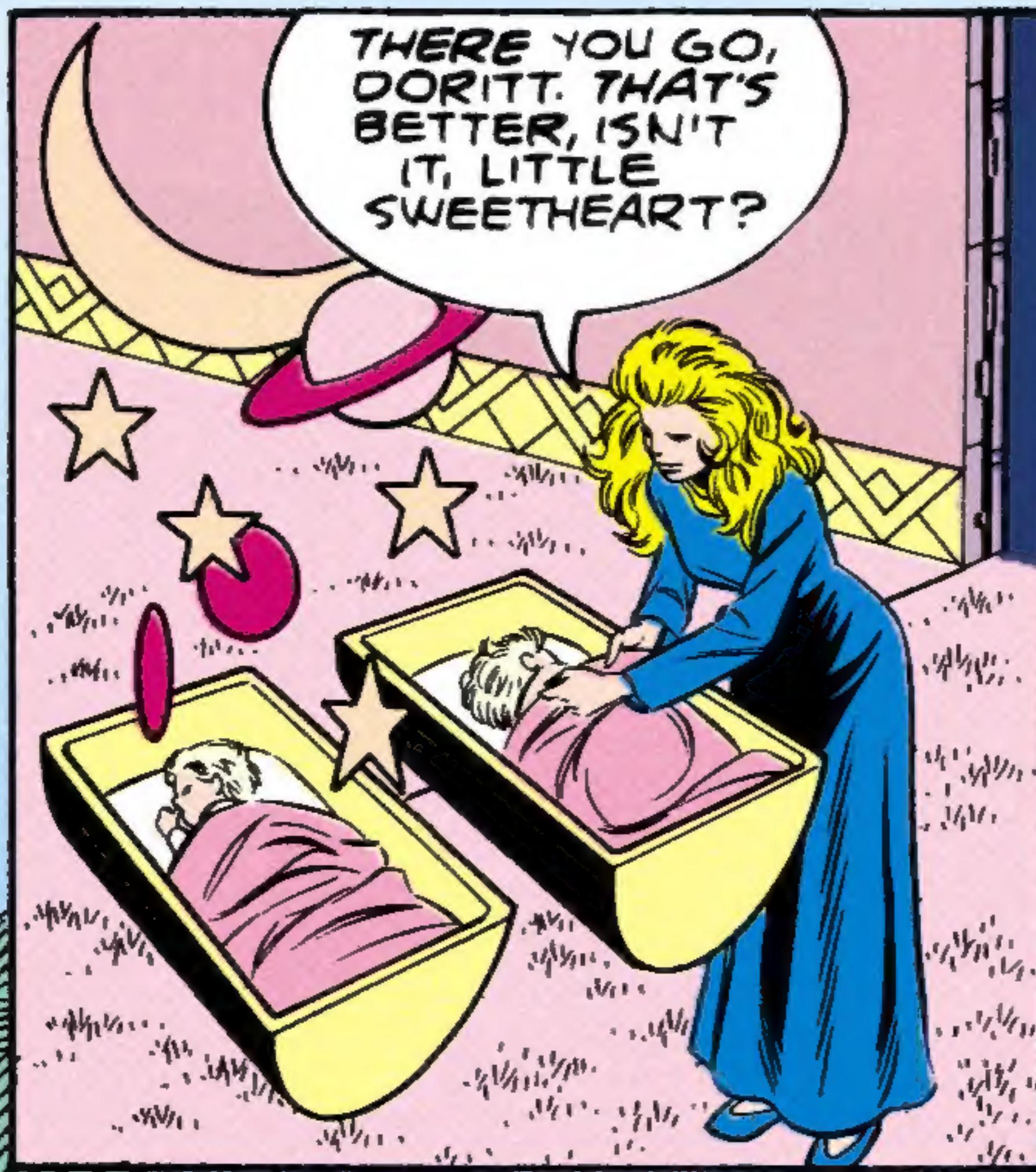








WINATH, HOME
WORLD TO
FORMER LEGION
MEMBERS IMRA
ARDEEN AND
GARTH RANZZ...



WELL, FOLKS, TODAY'S THE DAY --GAME SEVEN OF THE GALAXY SERIES. AND YOU CAN JUST FEEL THE TENSION IN THE AIR HERE AT GREENBERG PARK.

WILL THIS BE THE DAY THE NALTOR DREAMERS WIN THEIR FIRST GALACTIC CHAMPIONSHIP IN FIFTEEN YEARS?

RIGHT NOW, NOBODY KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION.

AND FOR AN ENTIRE PLANET OF PROGNOSTICATORS, IT'S GOTTA BE REAL TORTURE BEING RITUALISTICALLY BARRED FROM KNOWING THE OUTCOME OF THIS BIG CONTEST.

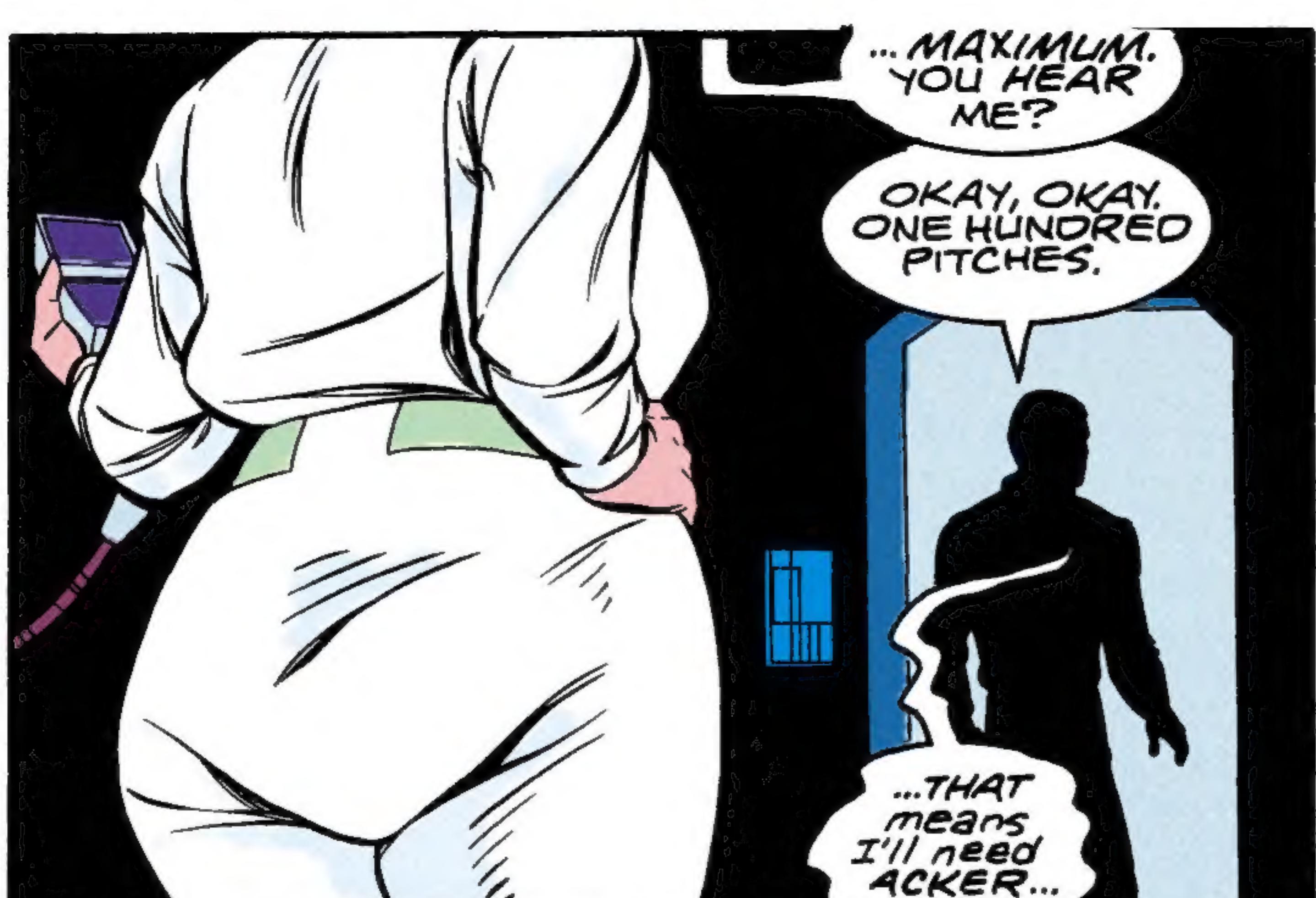
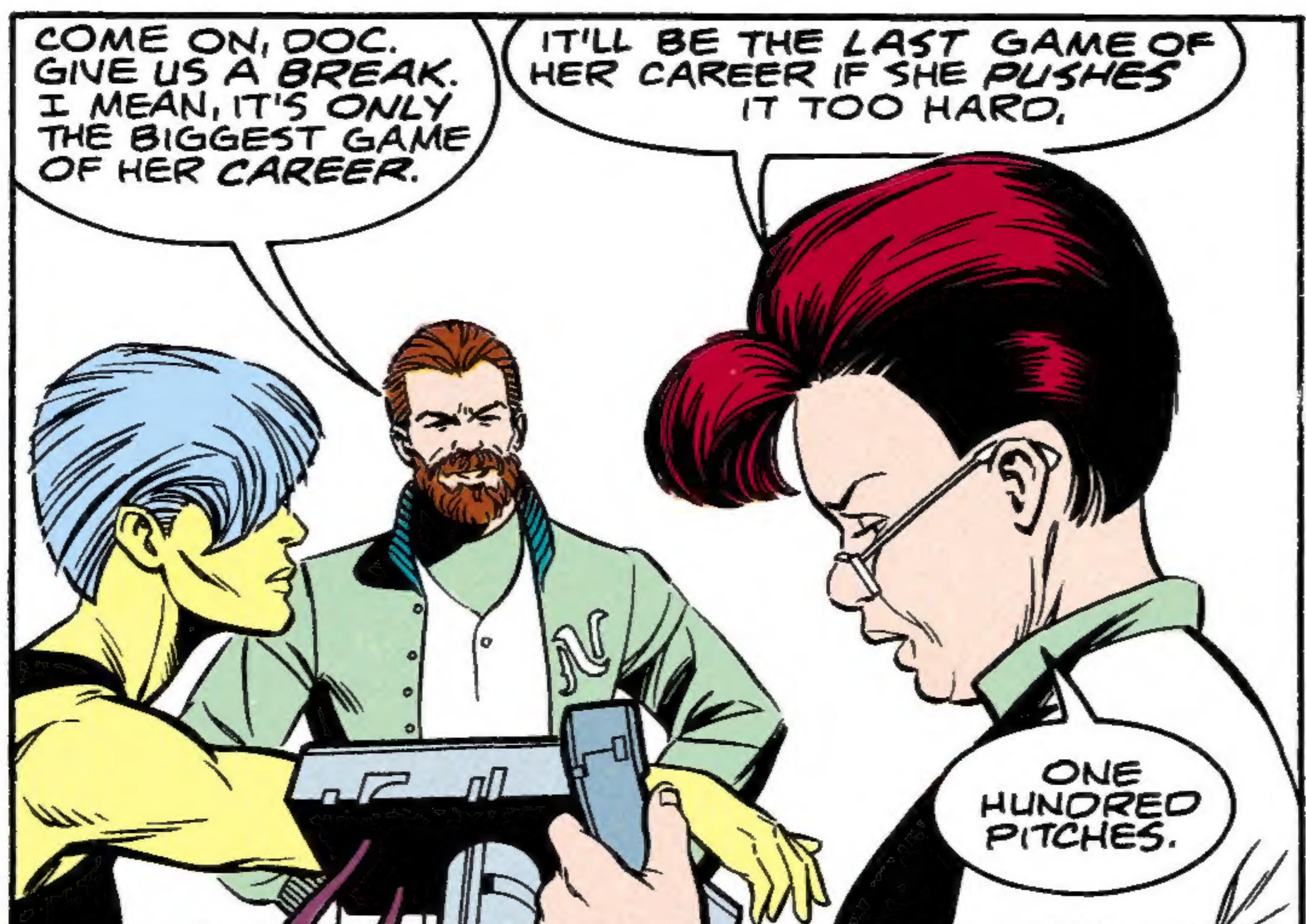
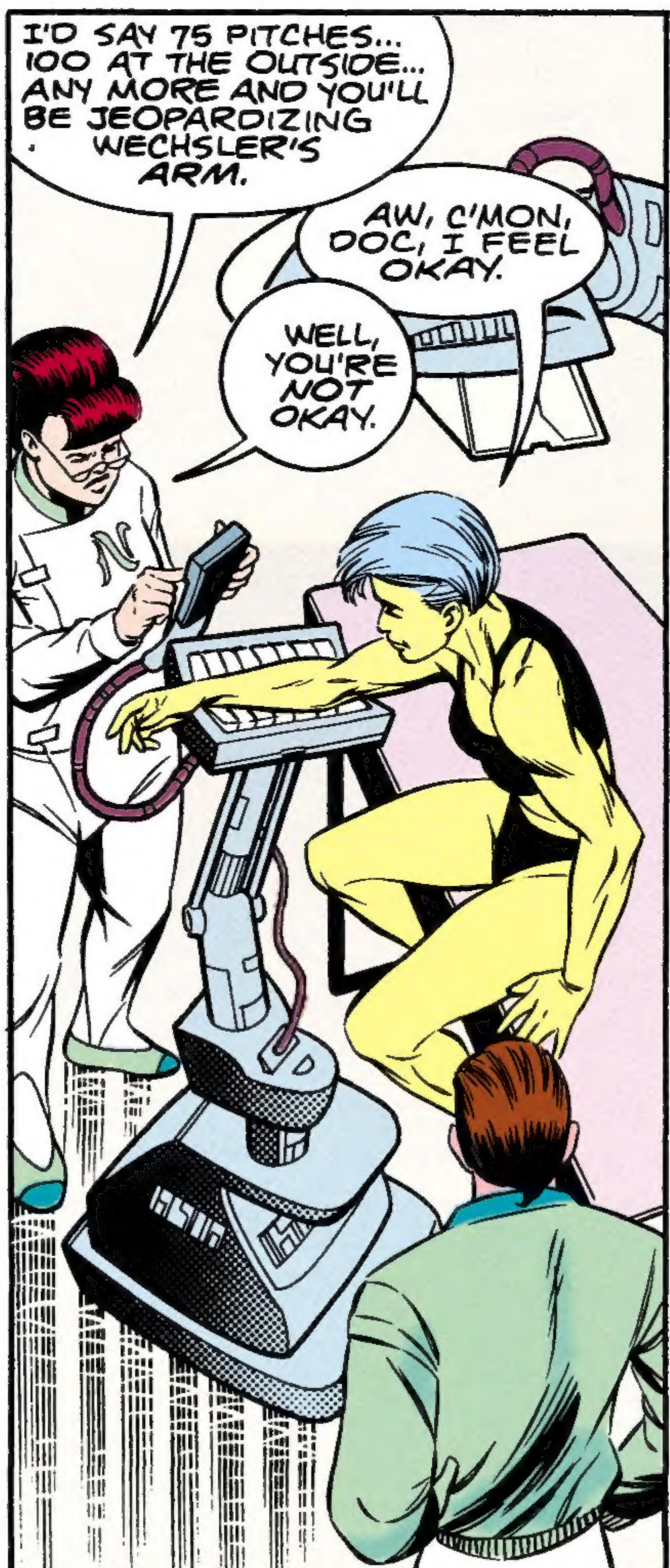
THERE'S DREAMERS MANAGER THOM KALLOR AND SOME OF HIS PLAYERS, WHO'RE JUST NOW ARRIVING AT THE PARK. LISTEN TO THOSE CHEERS.

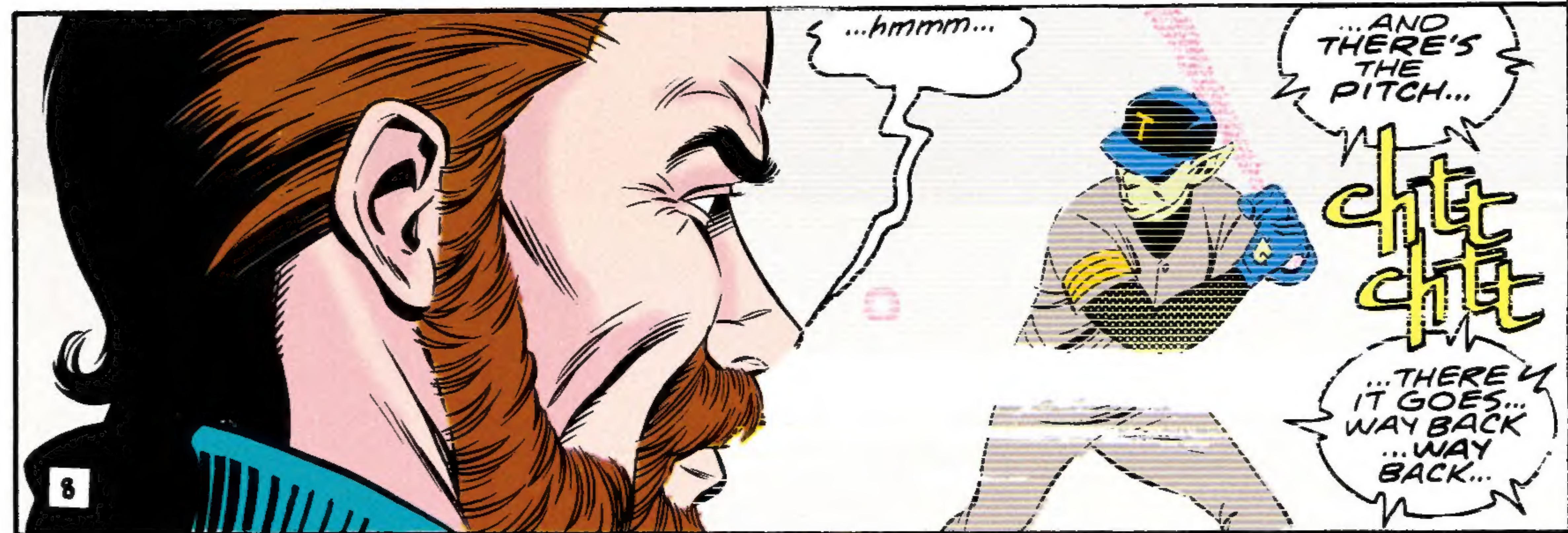
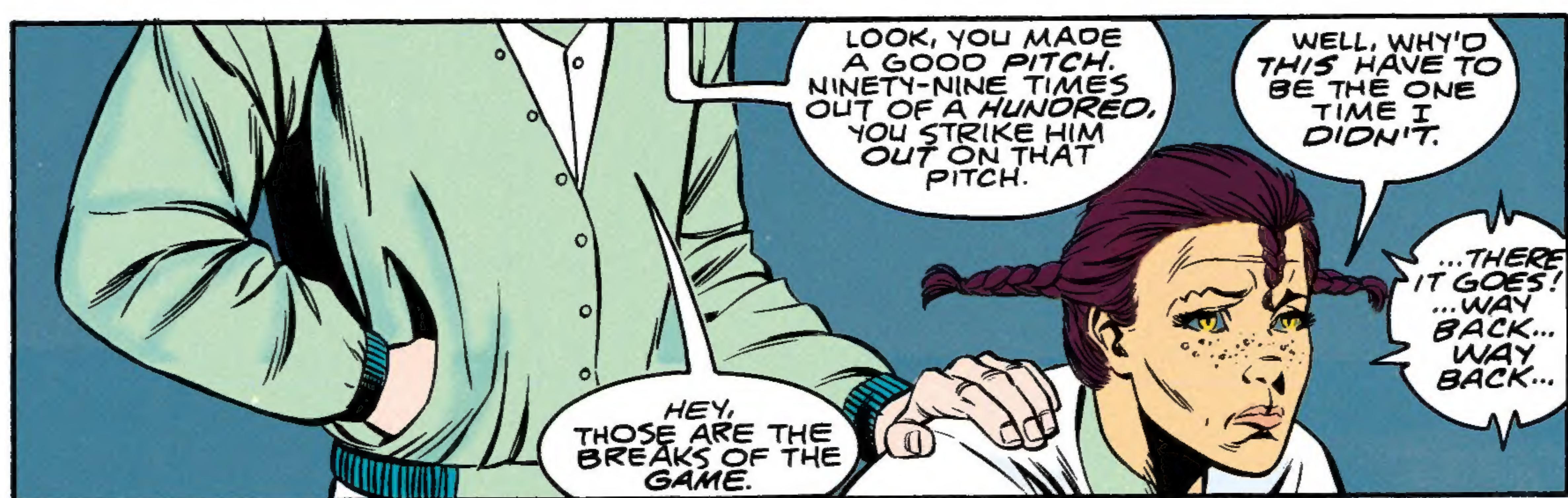
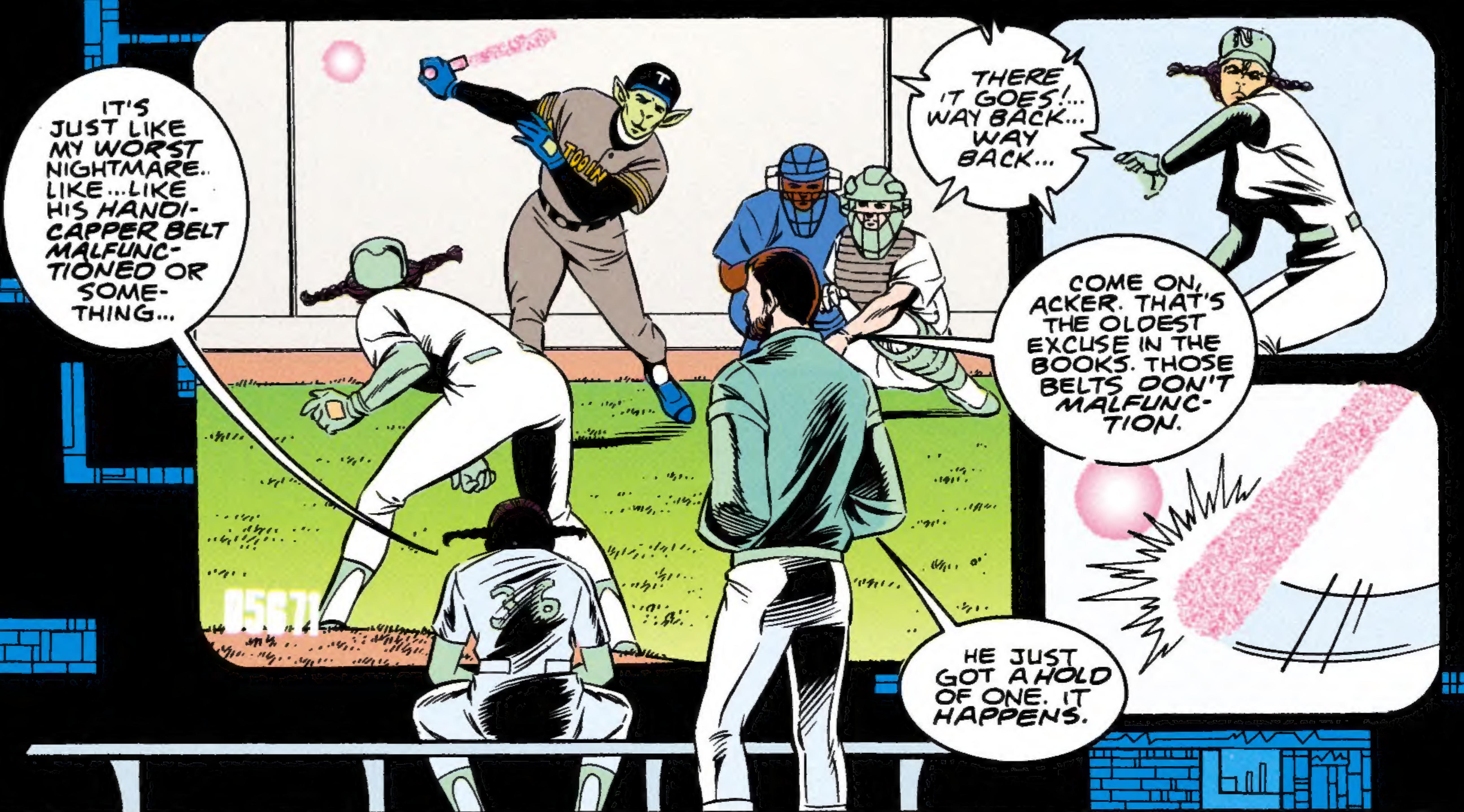
LOOKS LIKE THOSE DAYS ARE A DISTANT MEMORY.

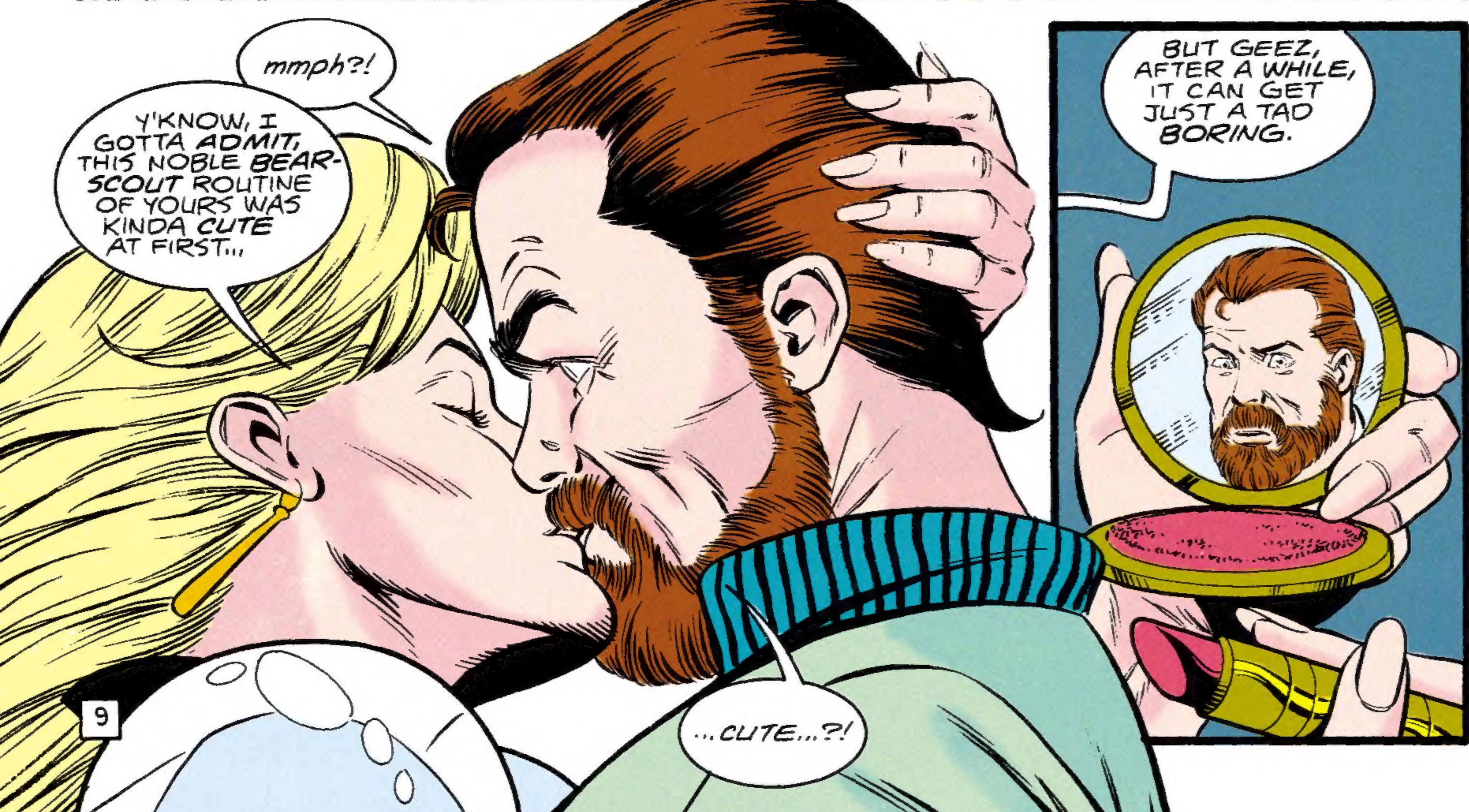
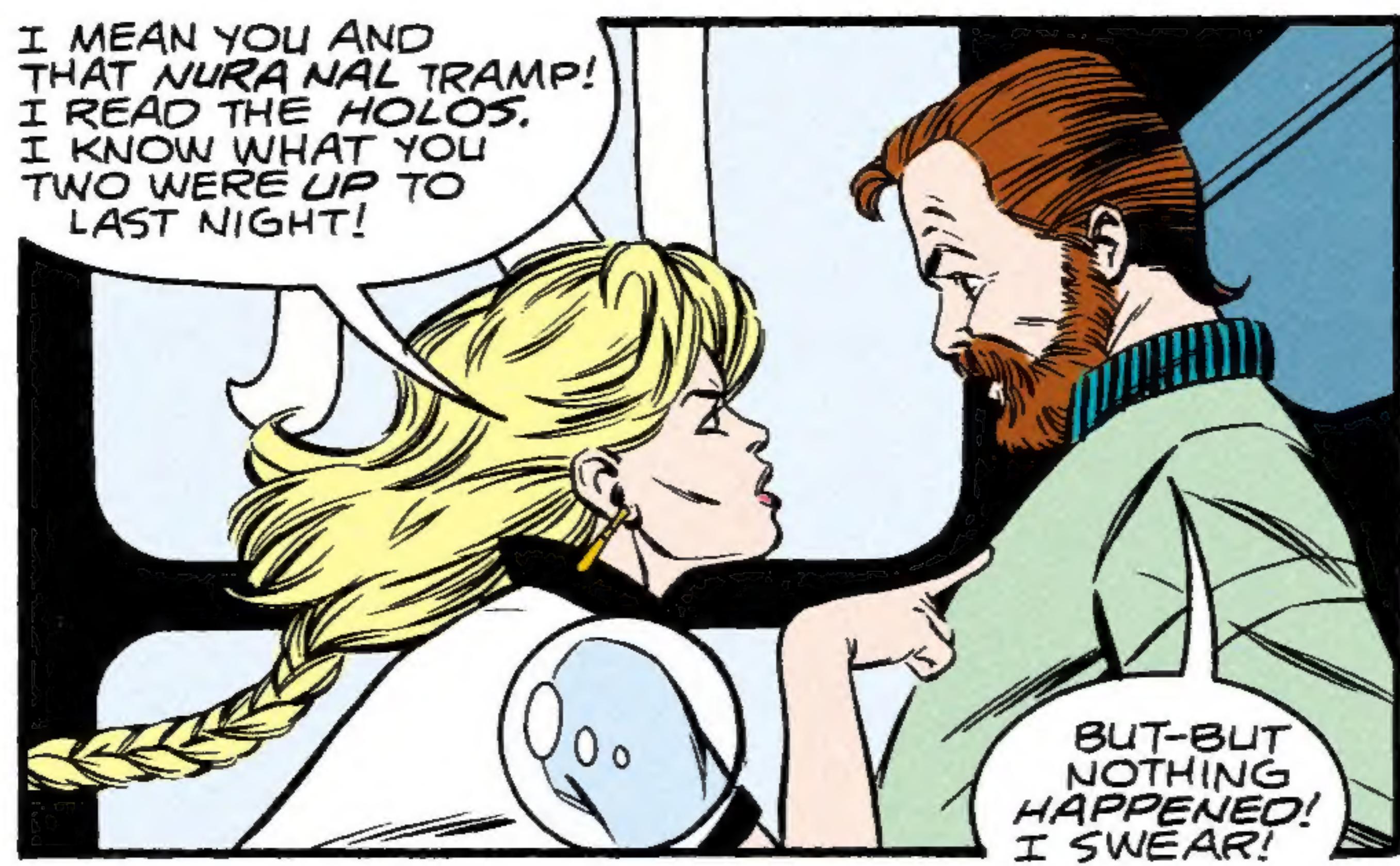
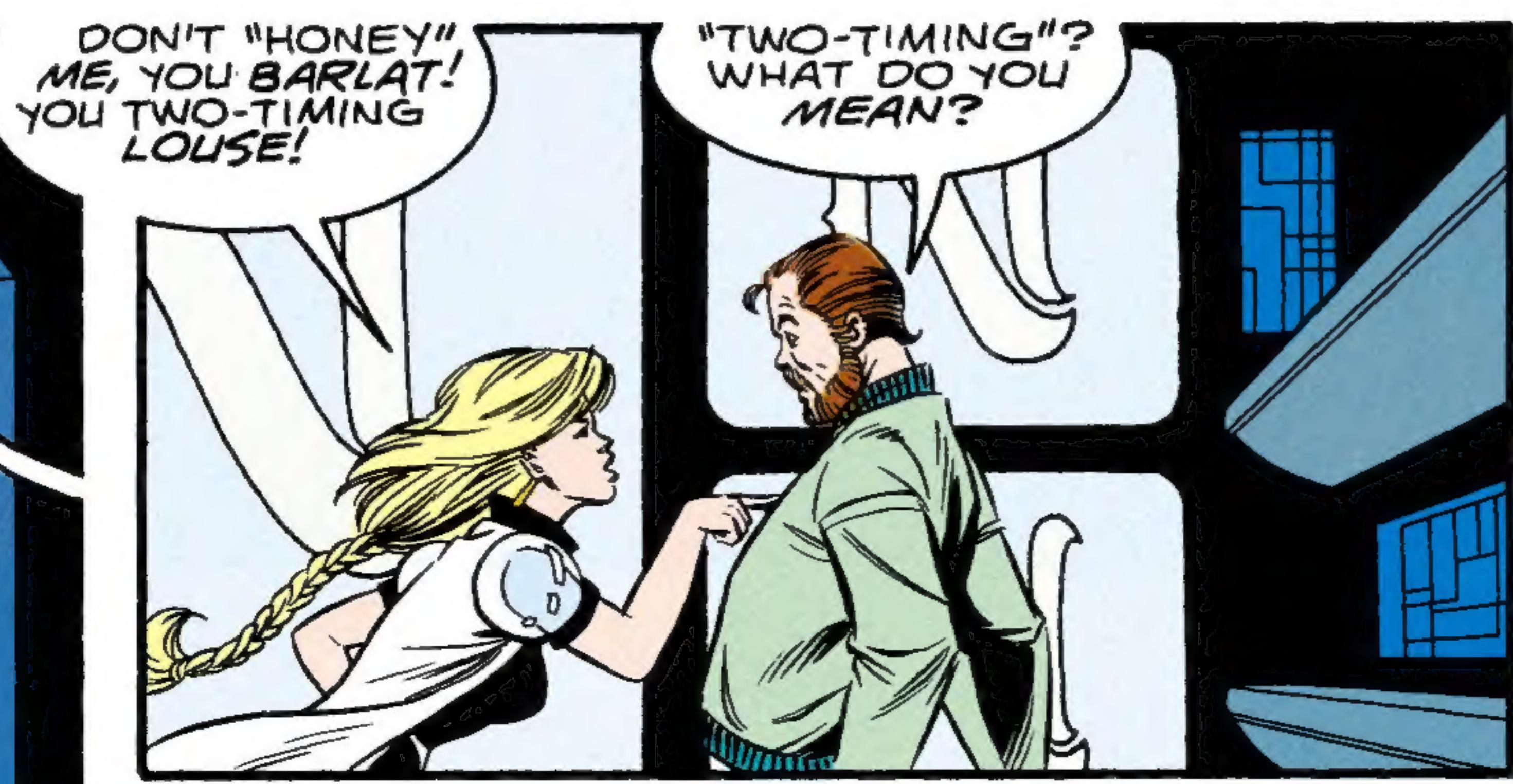
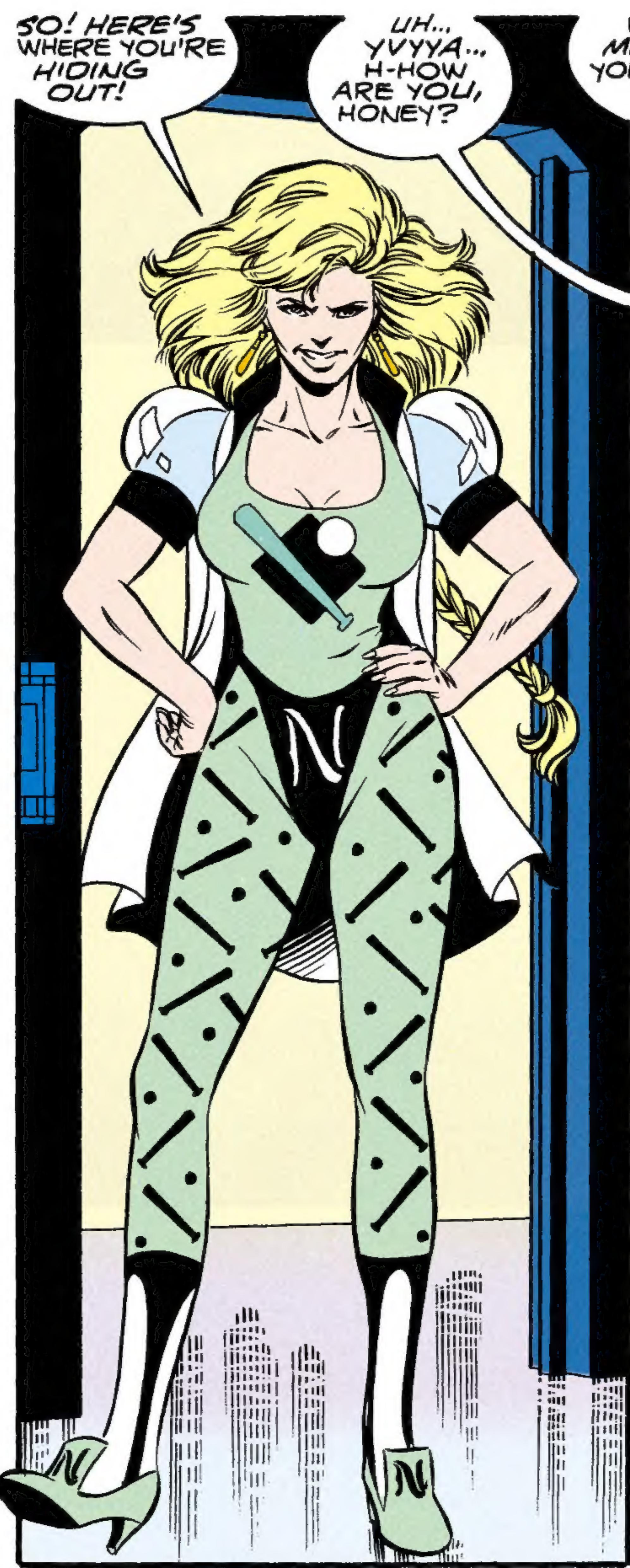
HEY, COACH, I HOPE YOU HAVE NOTHING BUT GOOD LUCK TODAY!

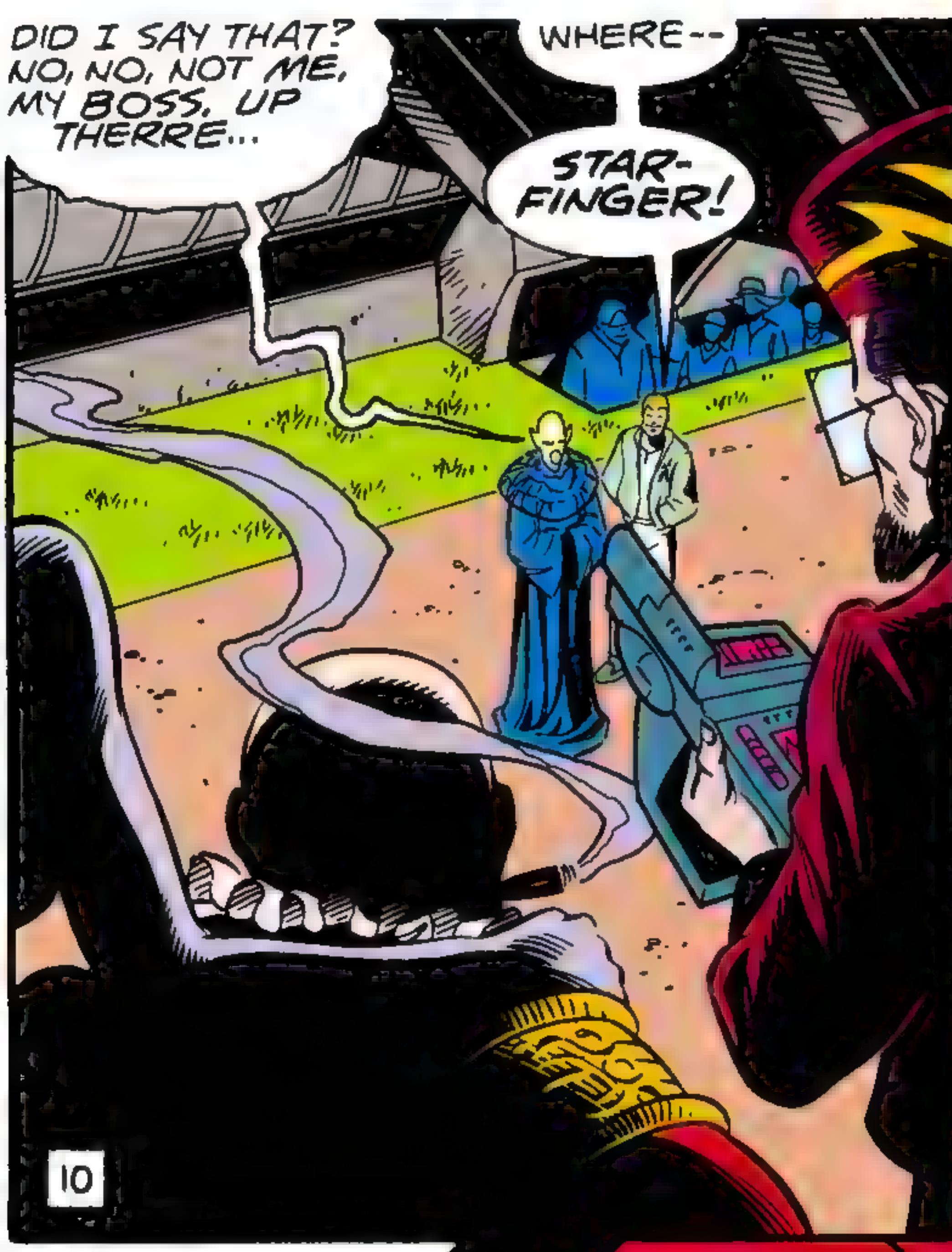
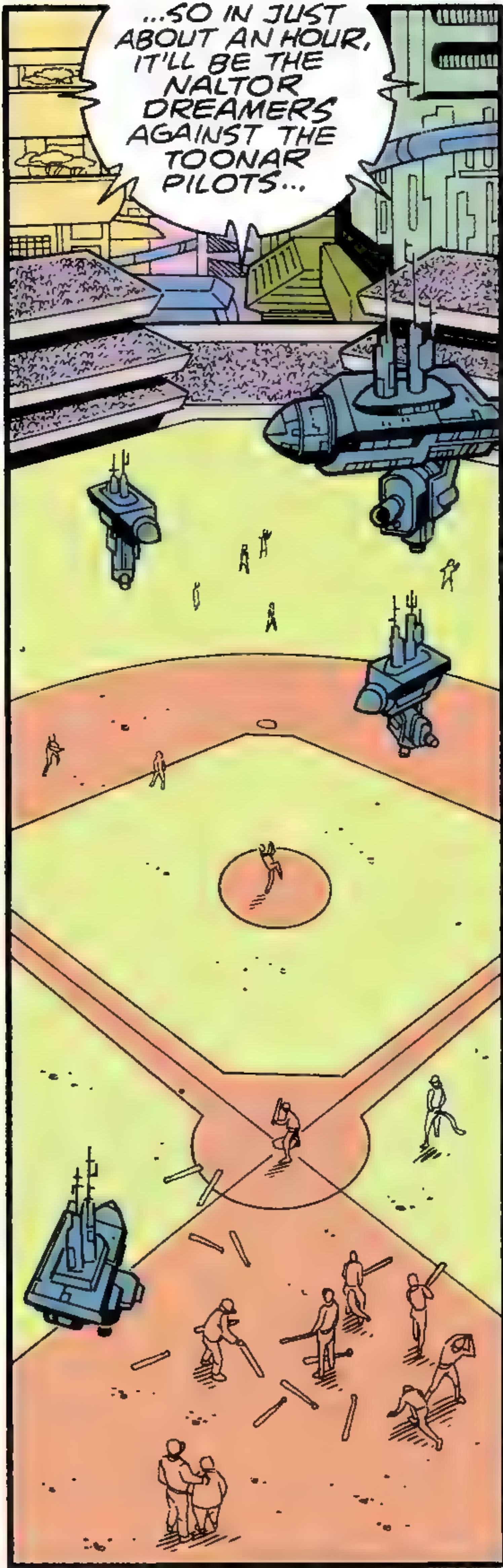
QUITE A REVERSAL FOR KALLOR, WHO TOOK A LOT OF HEAT WHEN HIS OWN WIFE, THE DREAMERS' OWNER, NAMED HIM TO MANAGE THE CLUB.

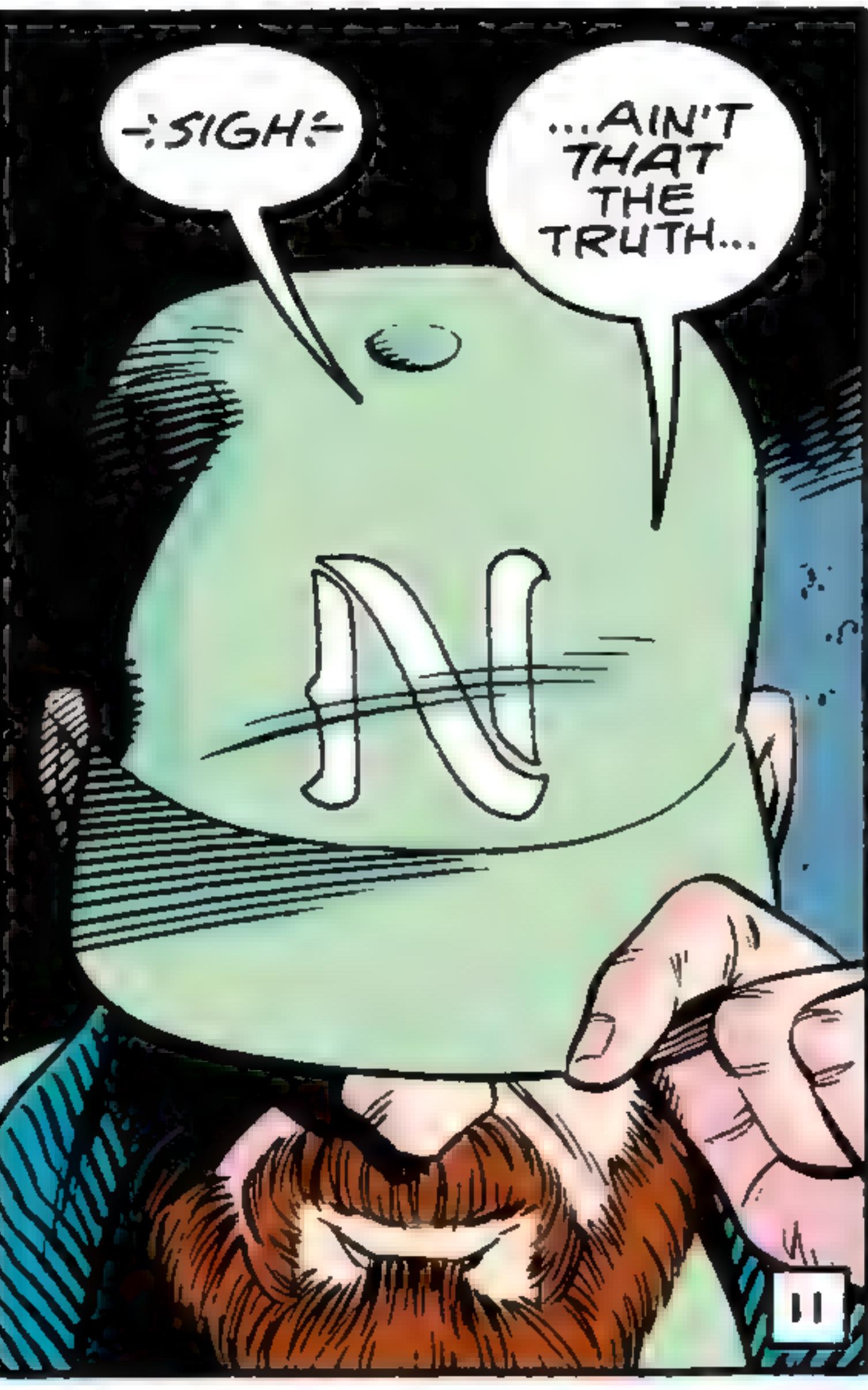
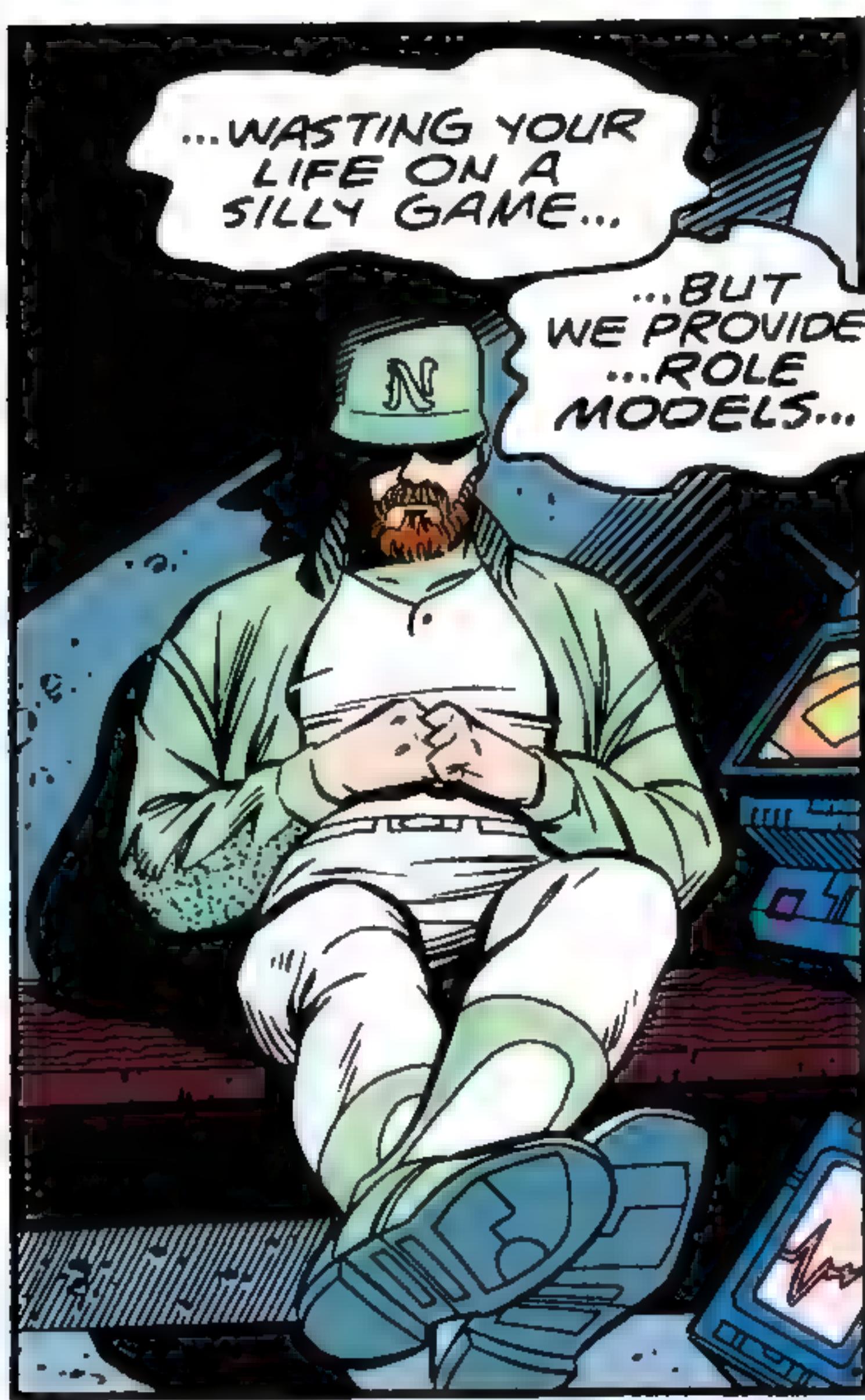
...uh, ...WELL, SO FAR, SO GOOD...











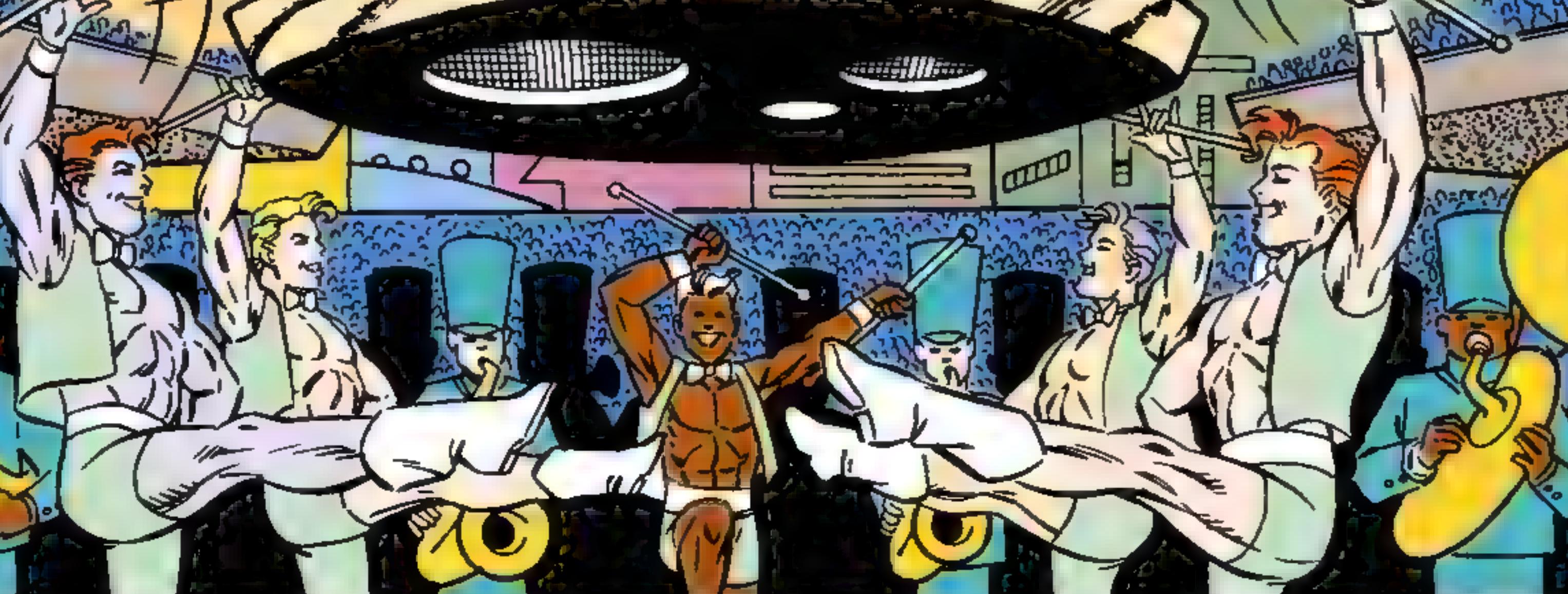
...AND LET'S GO DOWN
ON THE FIELD FOR
MORE OF THE PRE-
GAME CEREMONIES.

-- SO TODAY'S
U.P. CAN NOW
BOAST A RECLAIMED,
NEWLY-FREED
EARTH, AS WELL
AS THE STAUNCHLY
SUPPORTIVE
WORLD OF NALTOR...

...LED BY
YOUR
ESTEEMED
HIGH SEER,
MS. NURA
NAL!

THANK YOU!
YOU'RE ALL
DOLLS!
THANK YOU!

FREEDOM



AND THAT'LL JUST
ABOUT WRAP UP THE
PAGEANTRY. IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE READY TO
GET UNDER WAY.

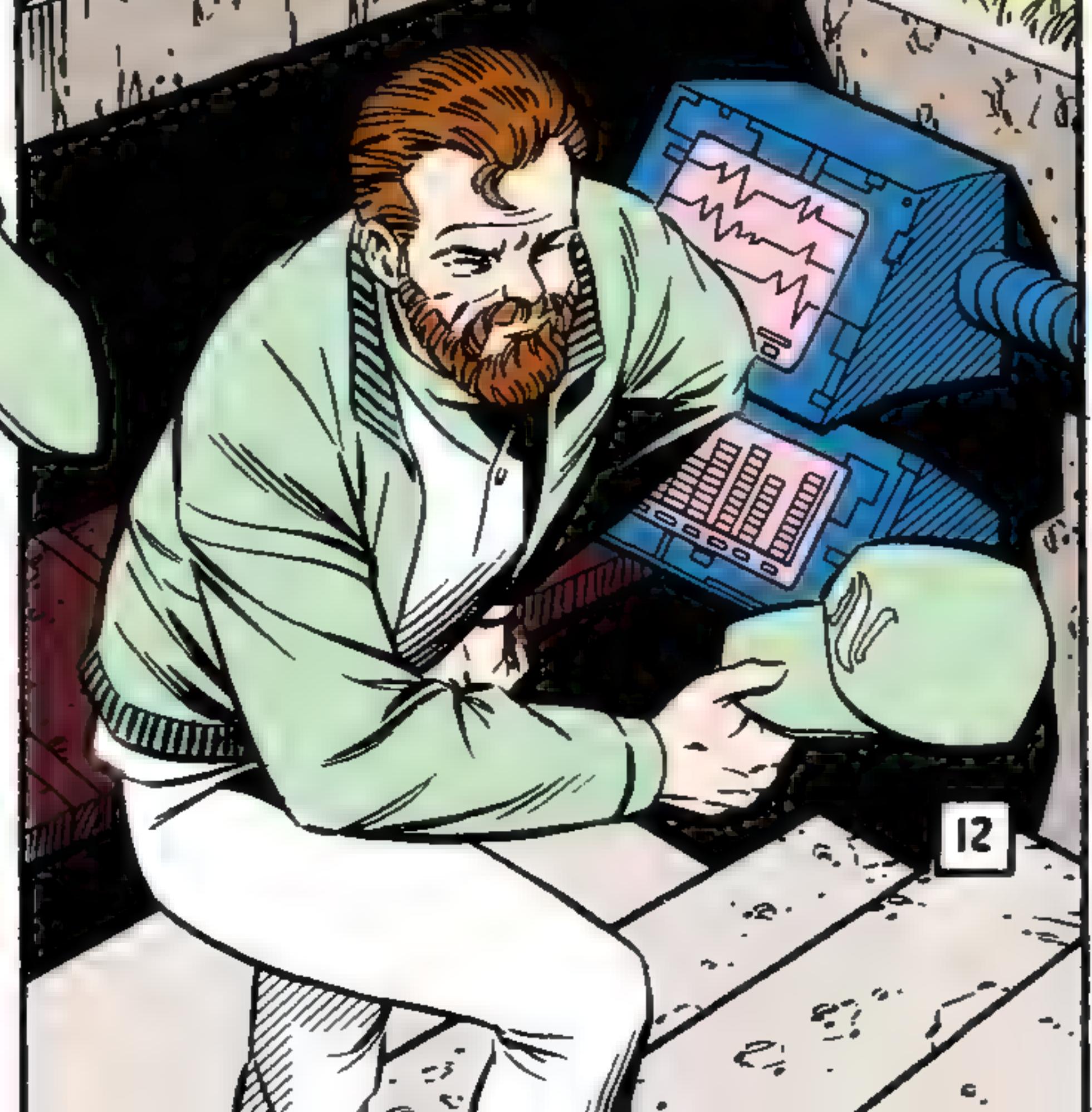
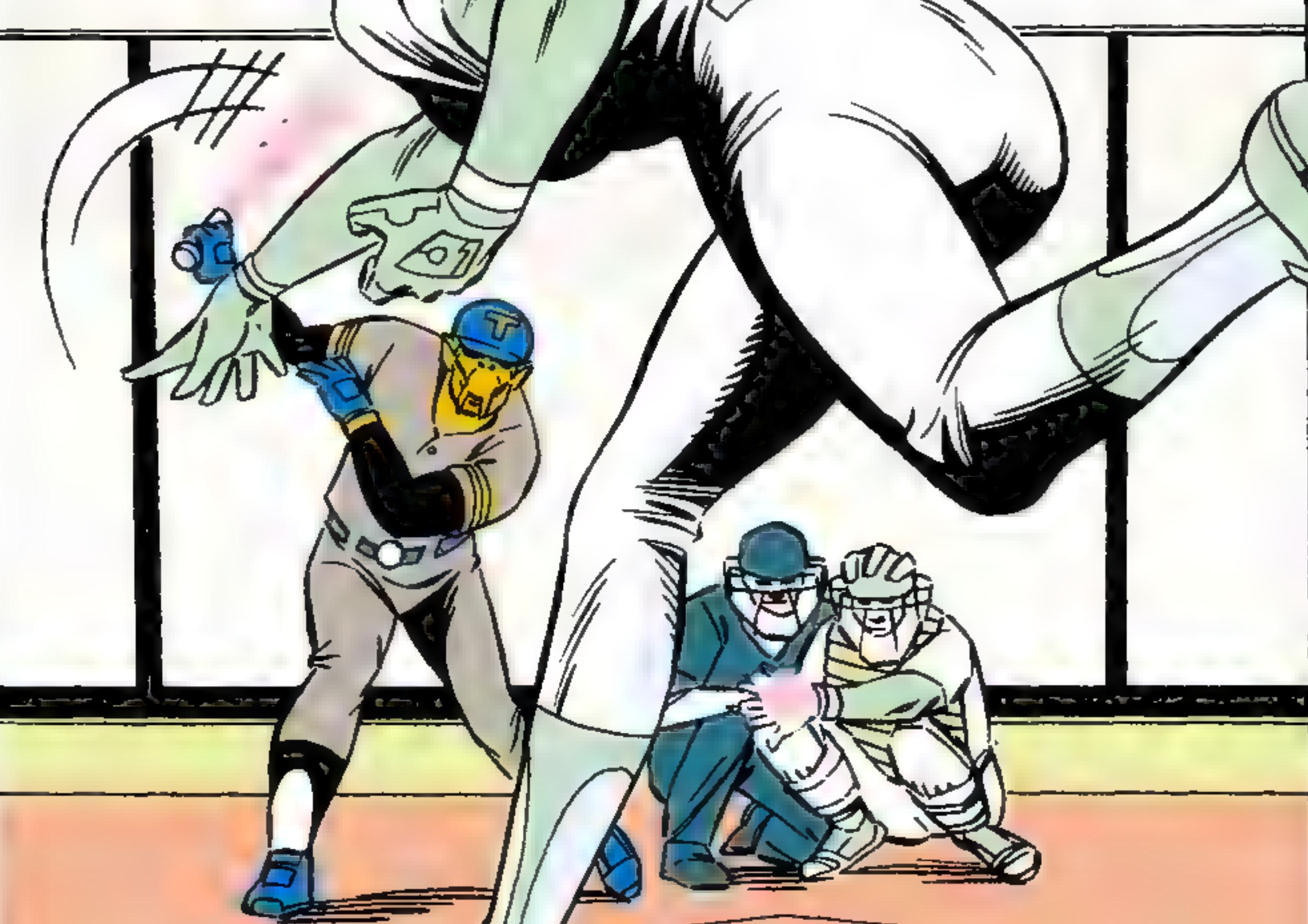
PLAY
BALL!

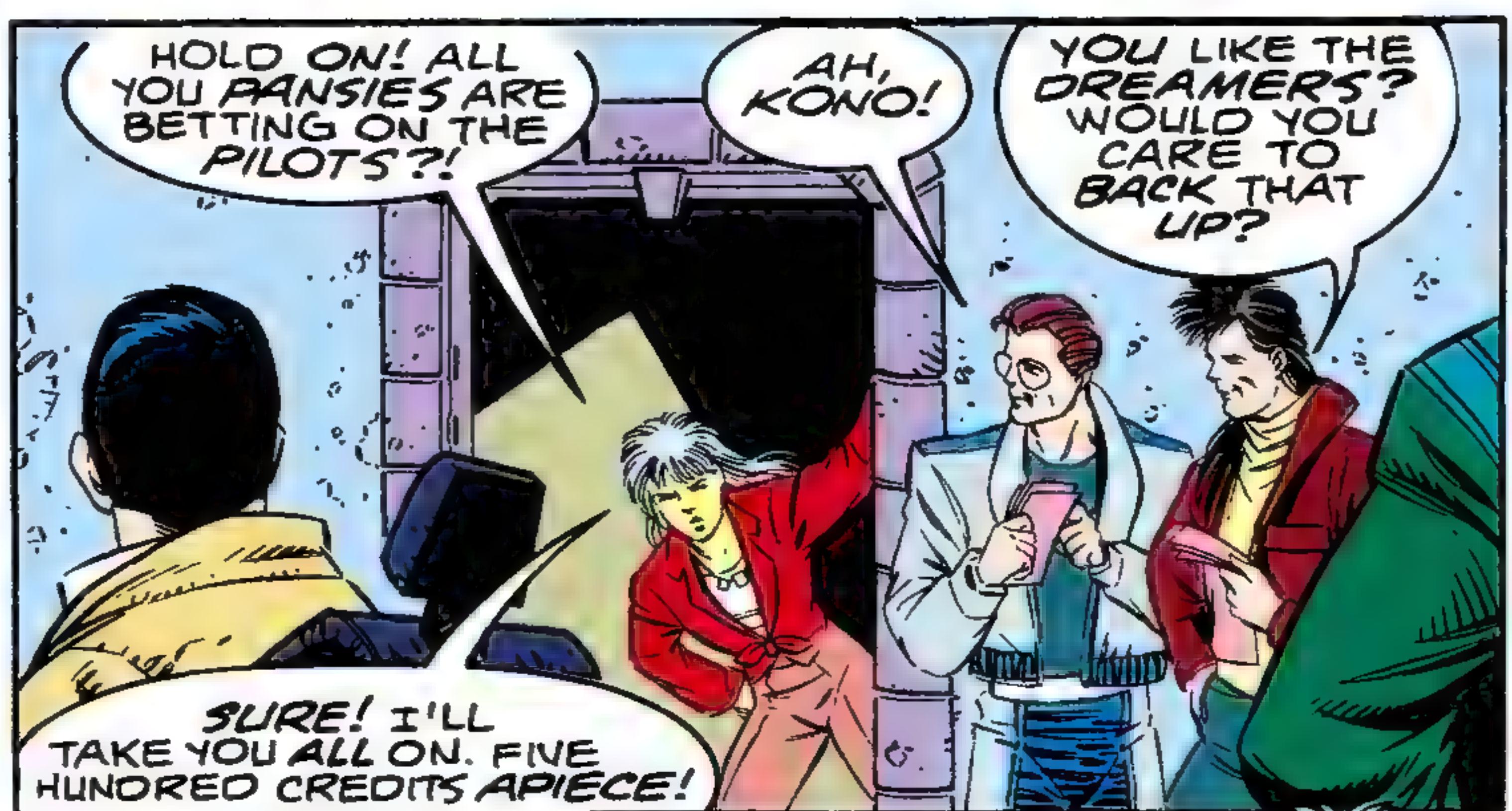
AND THERE'S
THE FIRST
PITCH.

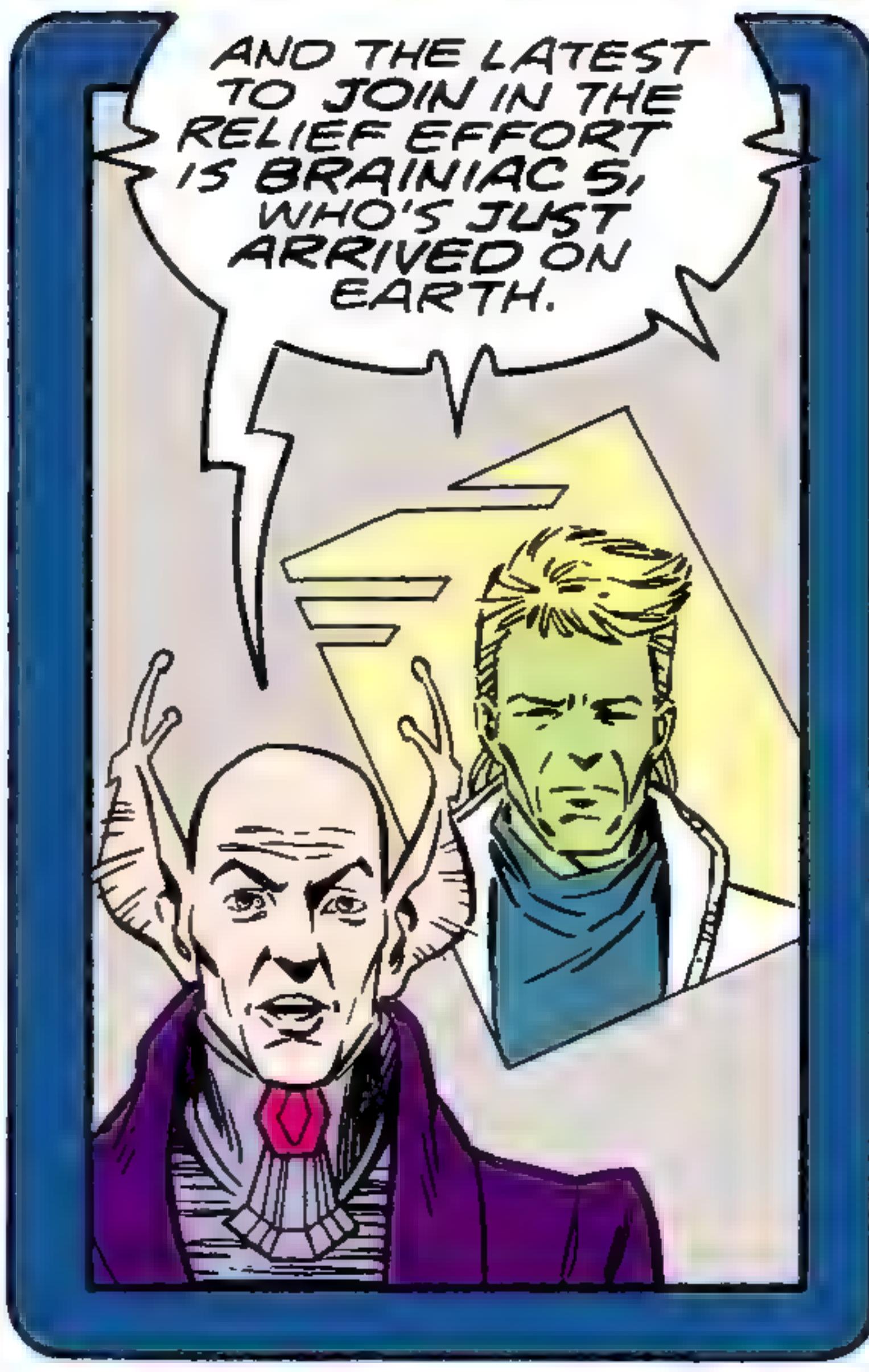
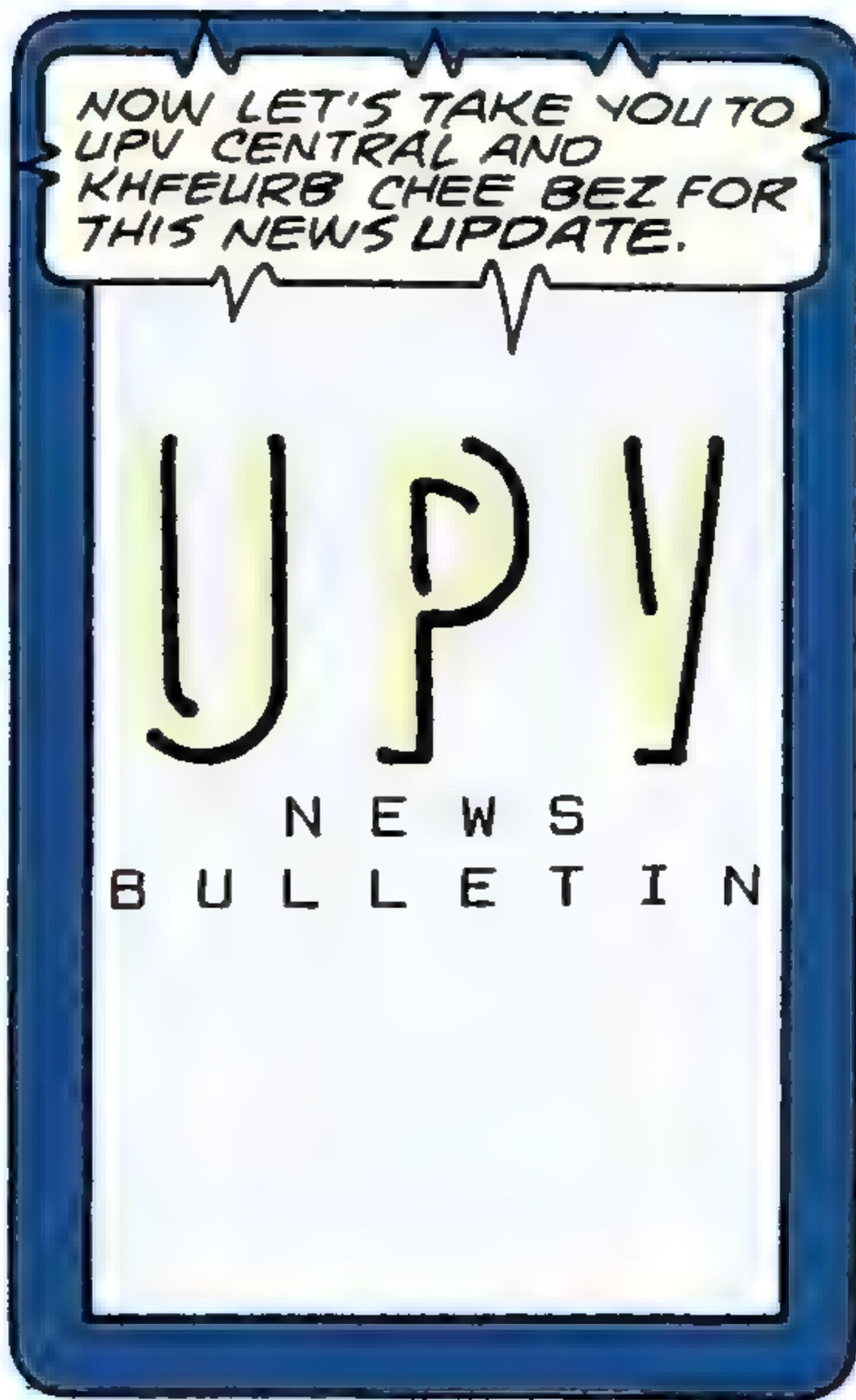
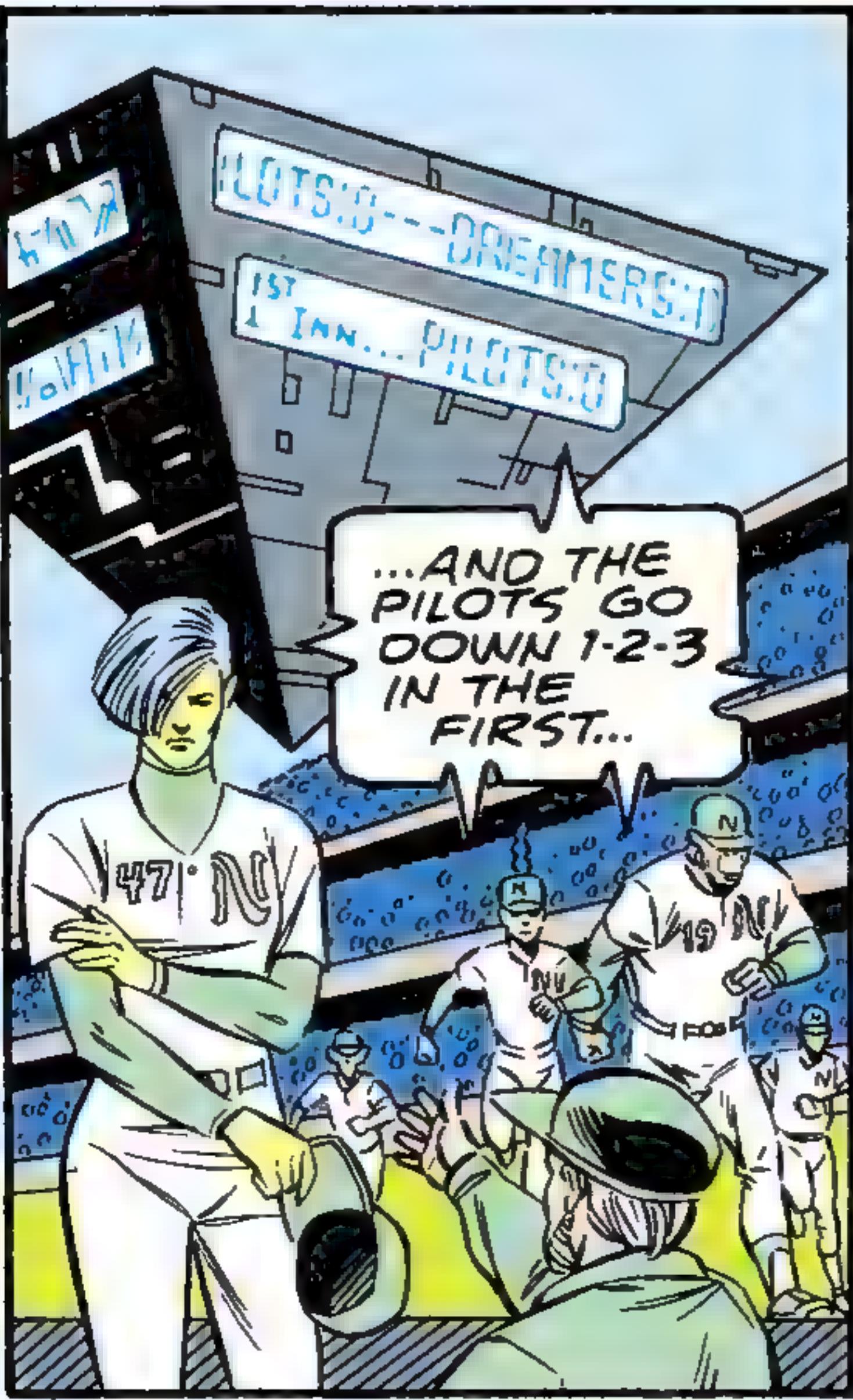
SWUNG ON!
STRIKE ONE!

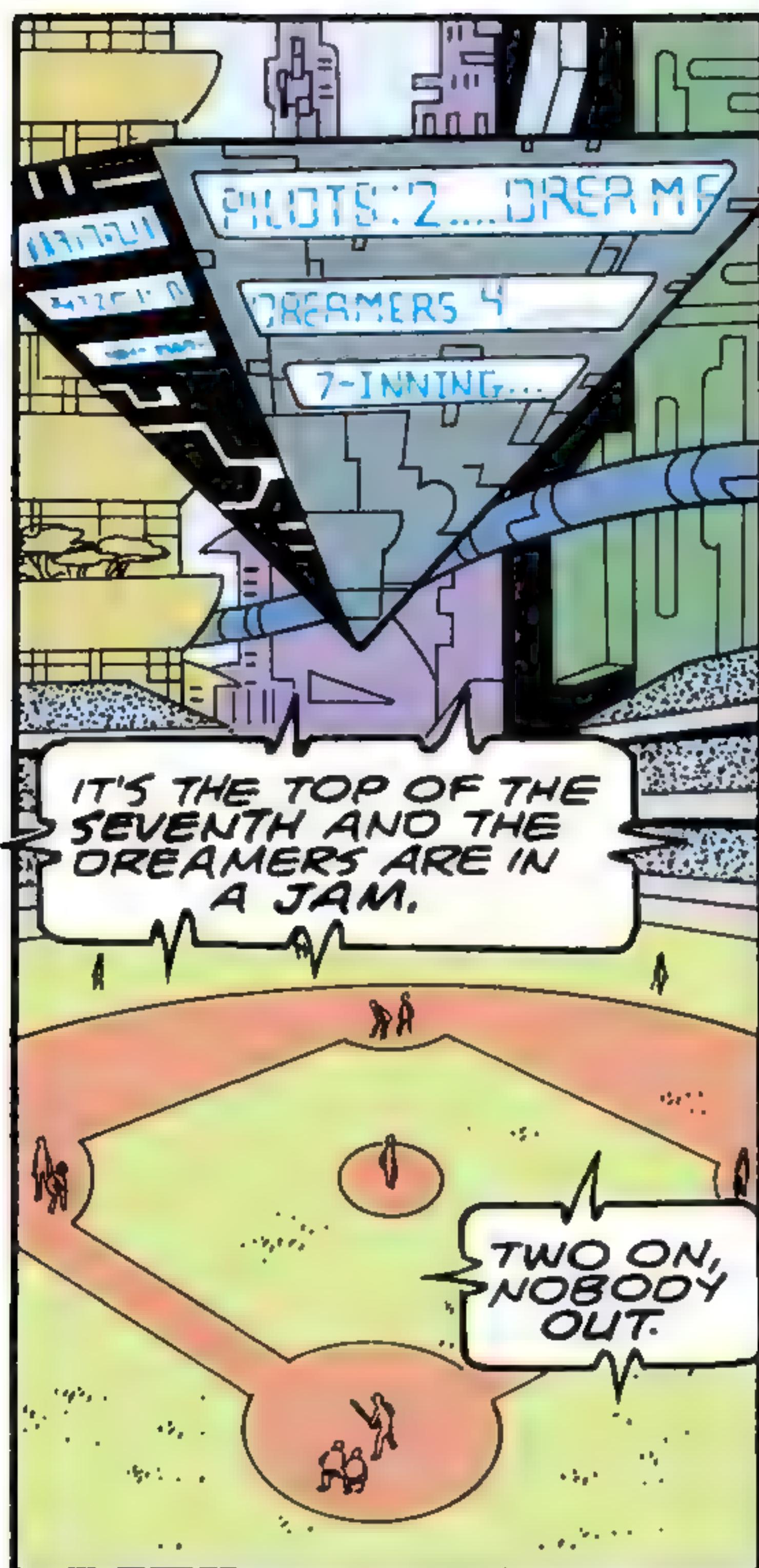
AND THAT
GETS A CHEER
FROM THIS
PARTISAN
CROWD.

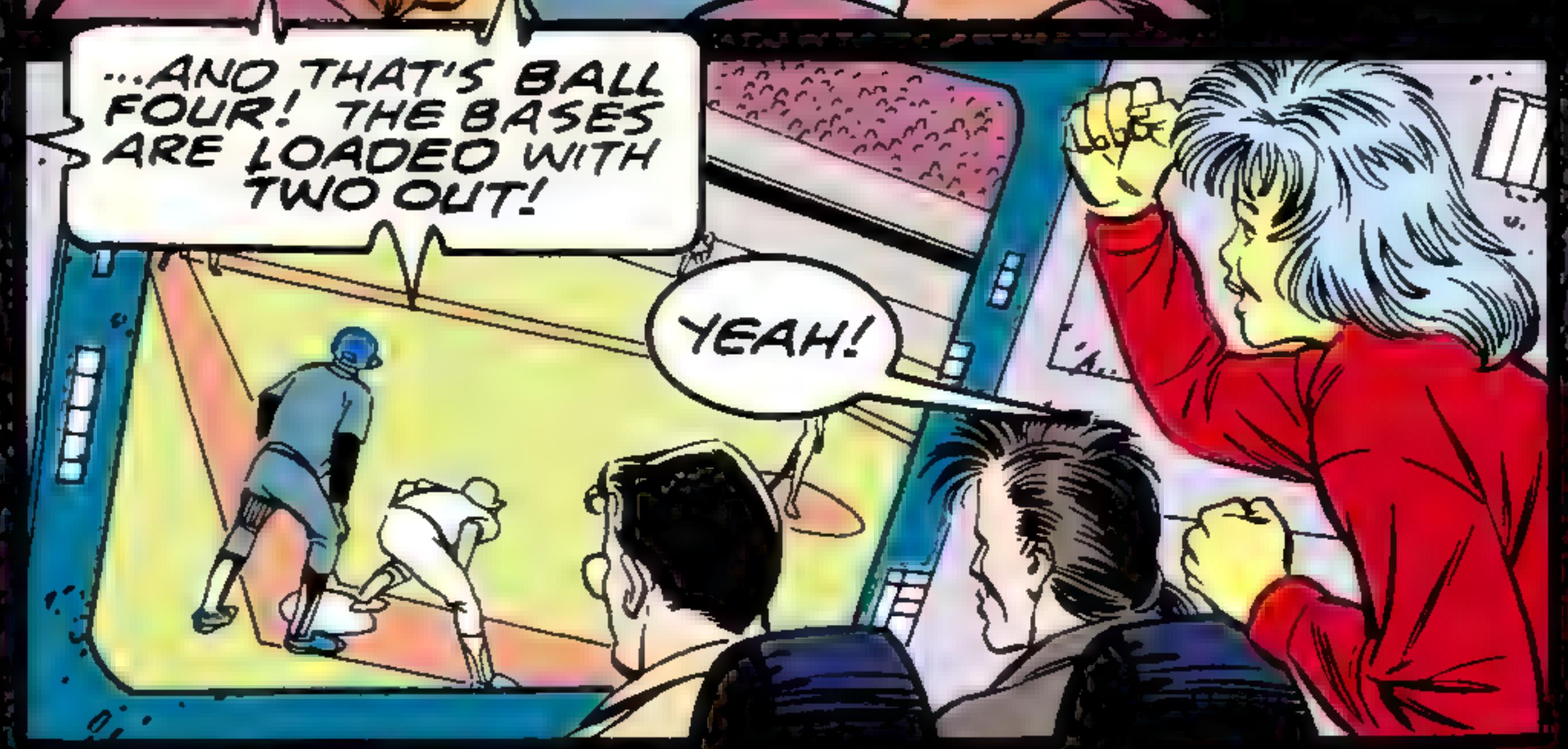
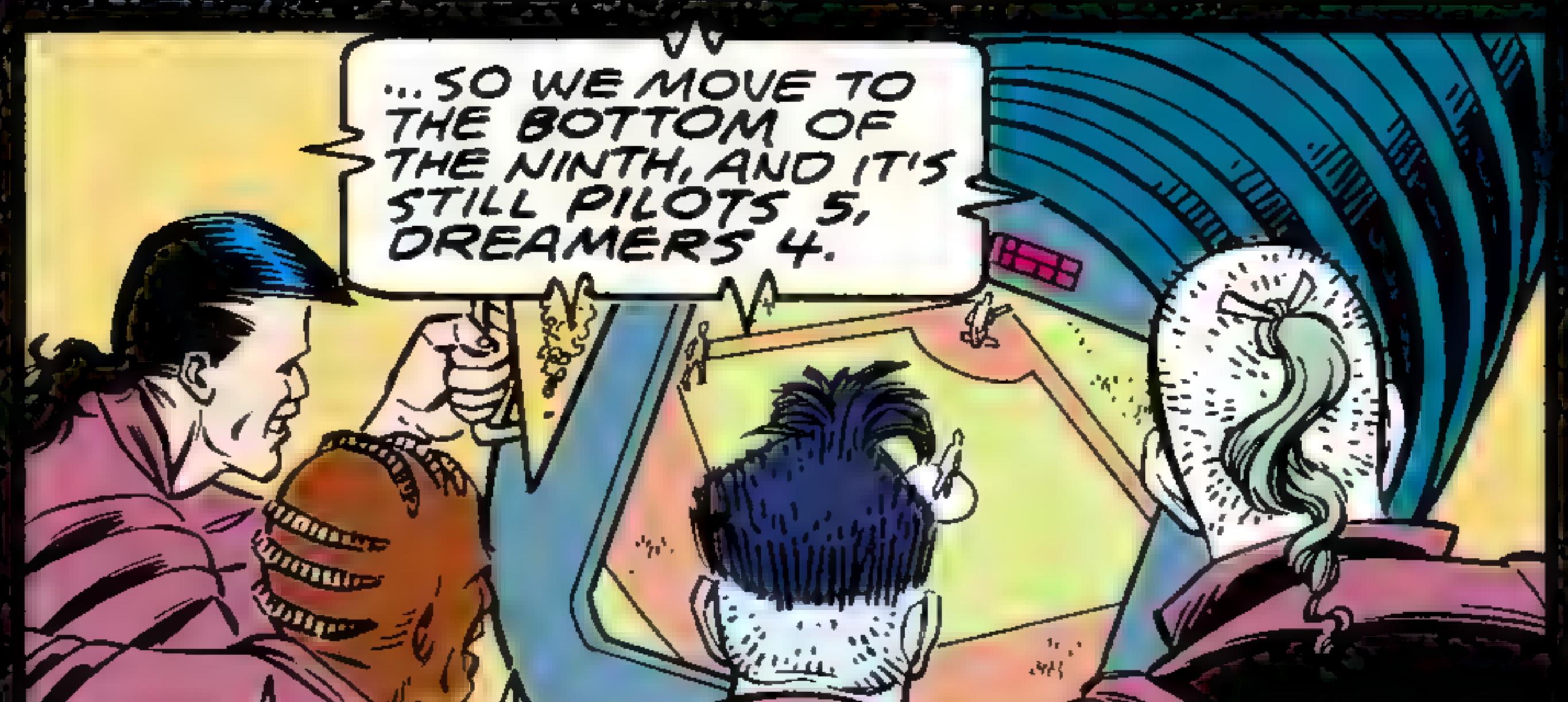
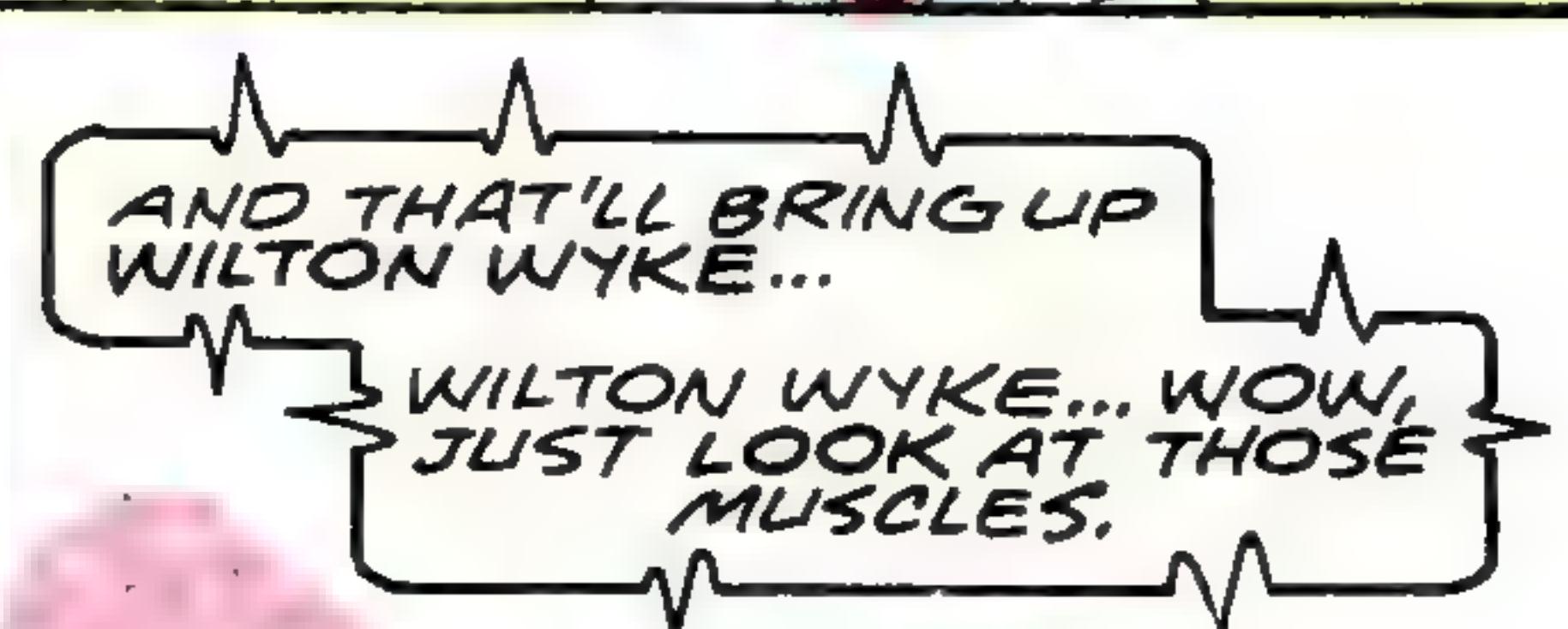
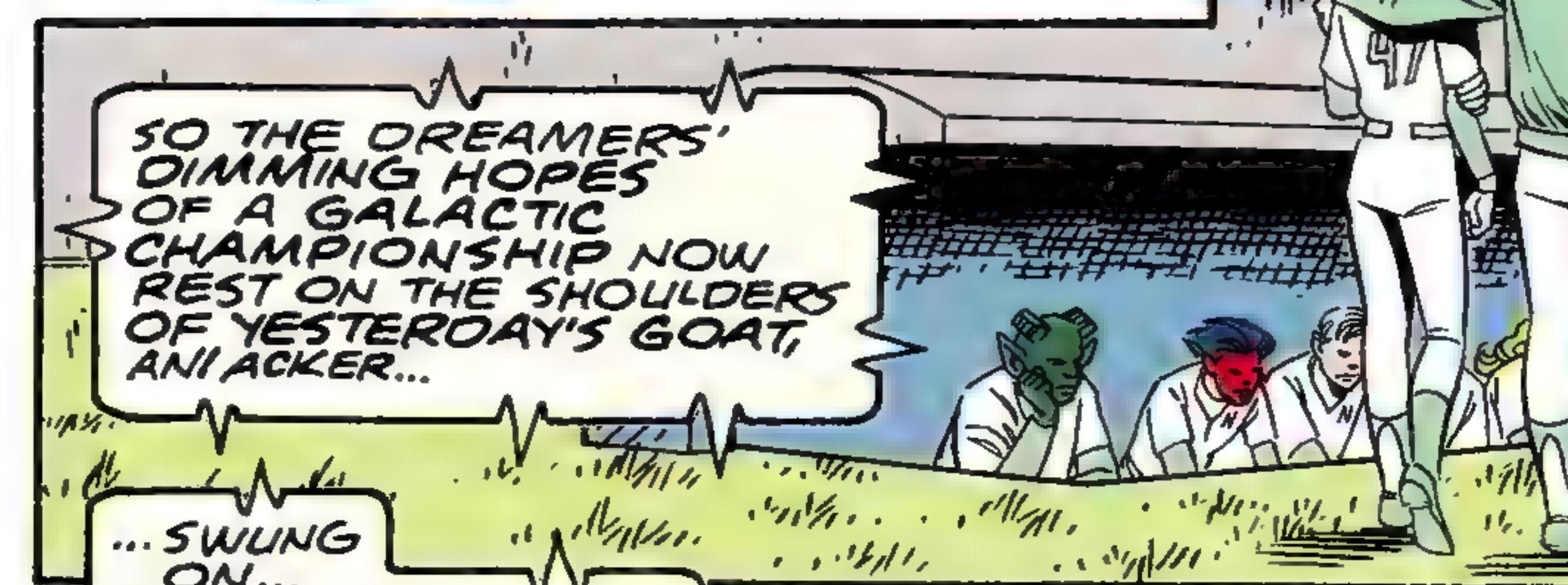
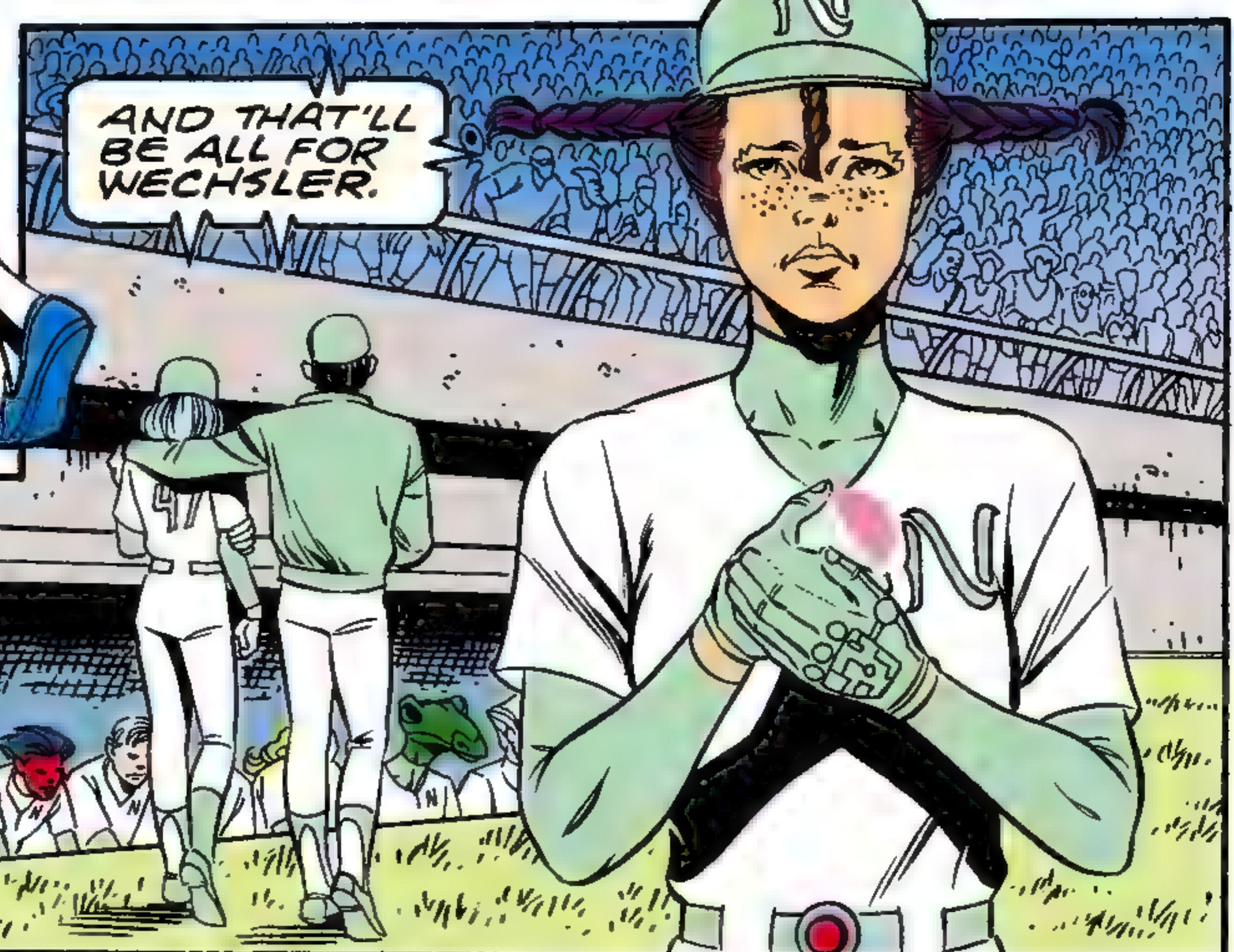
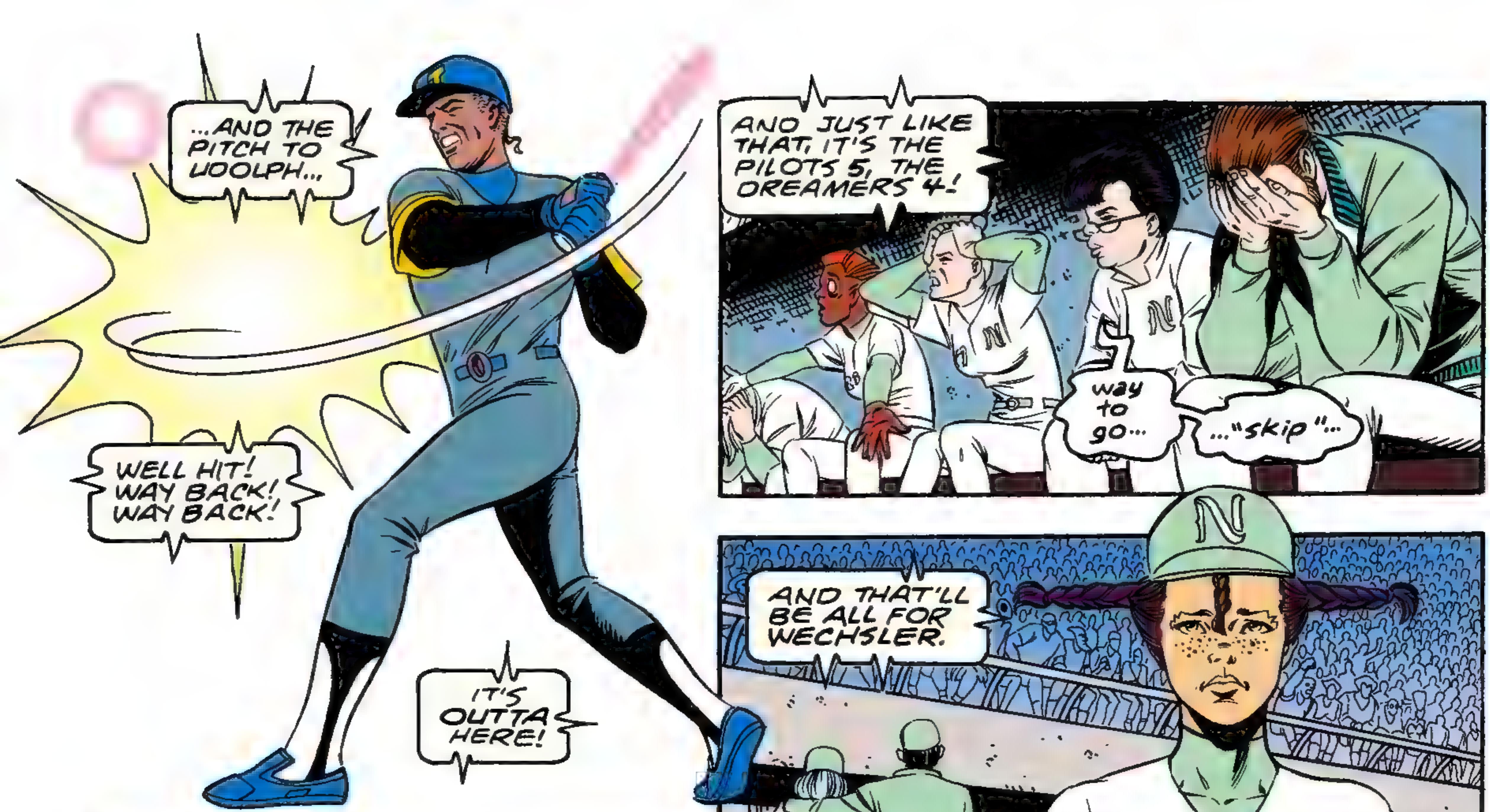
THESE FANS WANT A
CHAMPIONSHIP BADLY.
I MEAN, THE PRESSURE
IS ON--FOR THE DREAMER
PLAYERS, AND FOR THAT
MAN, THOM KALLOR...

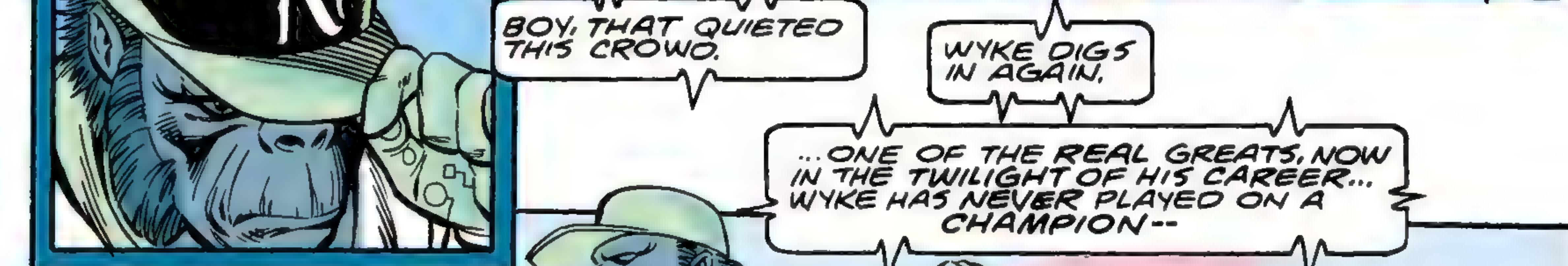


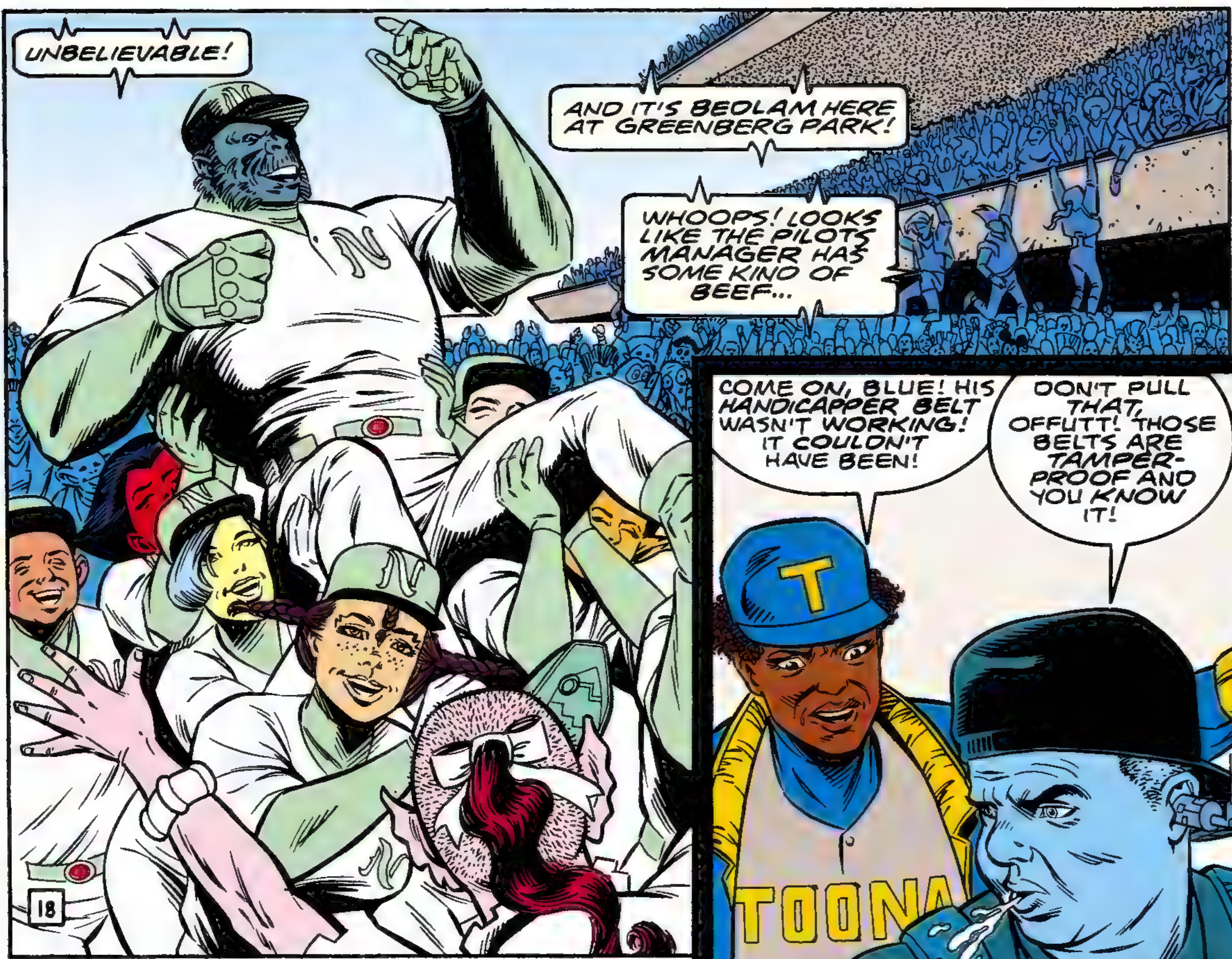
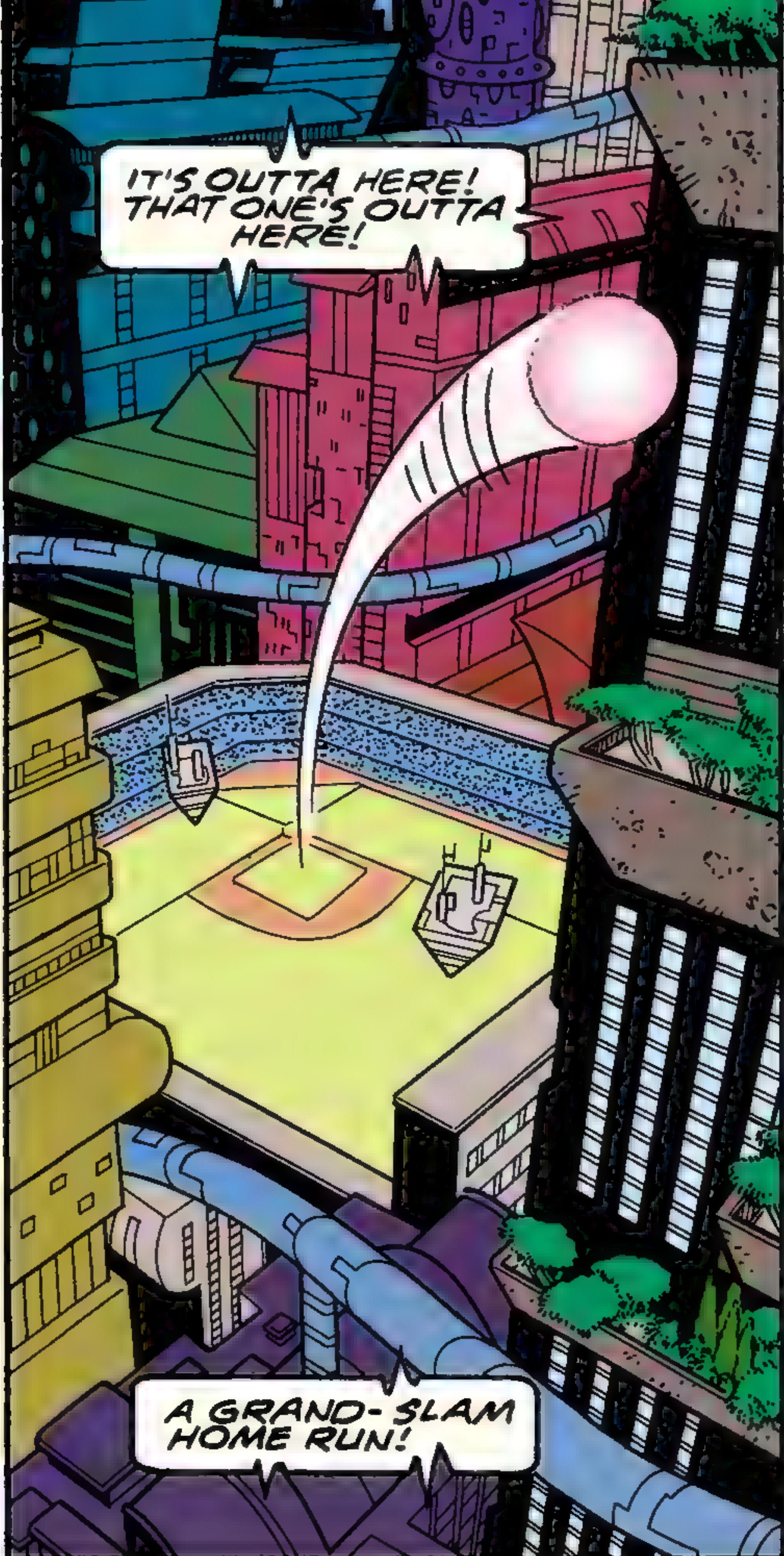


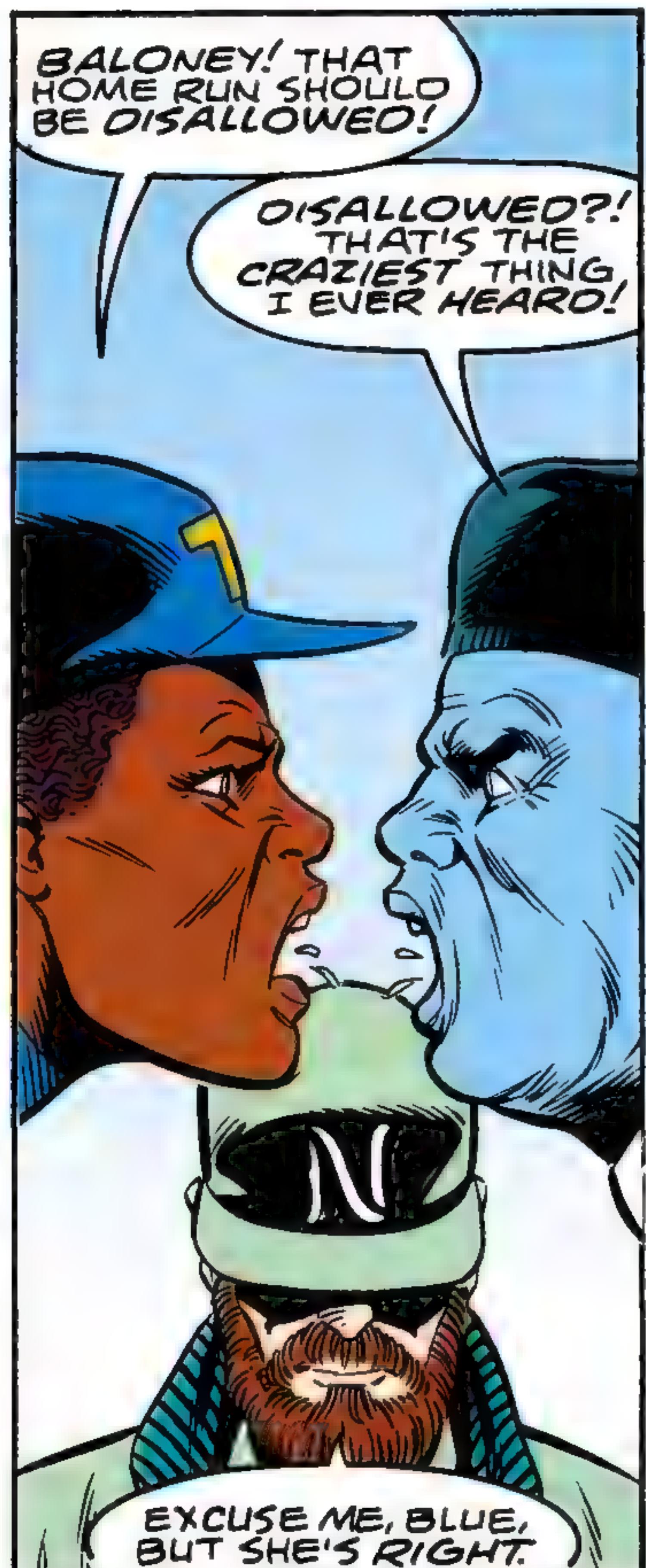


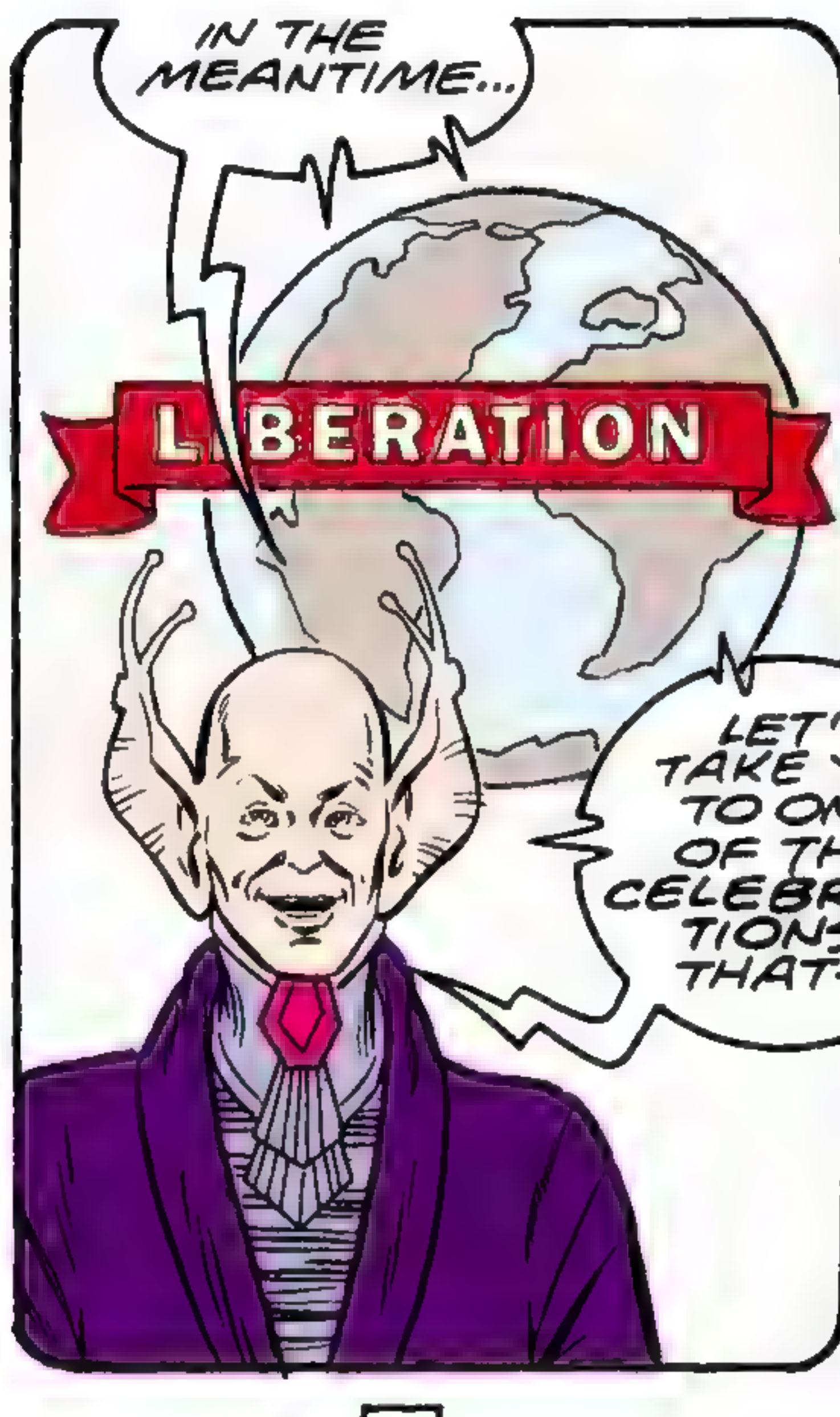
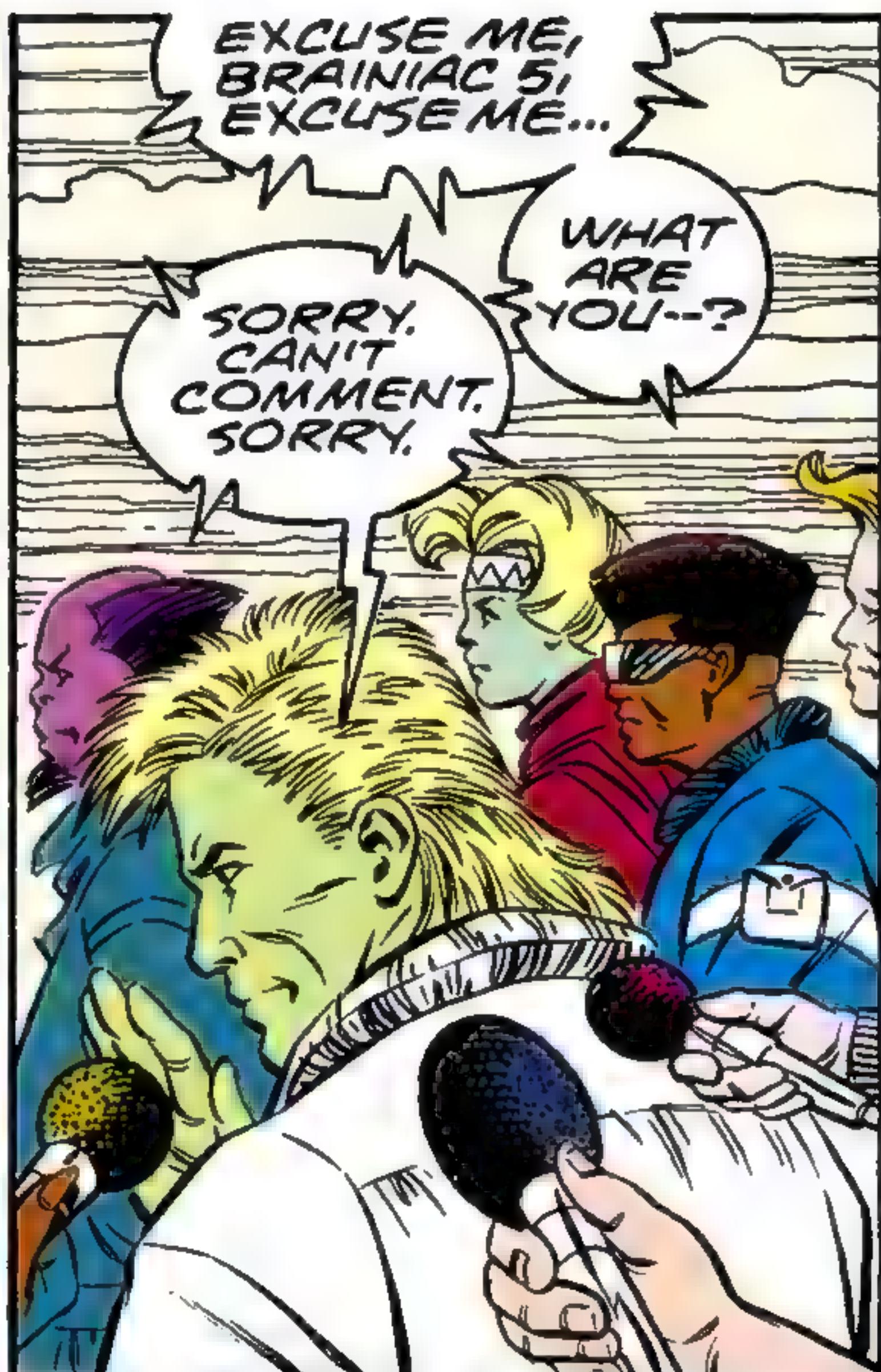
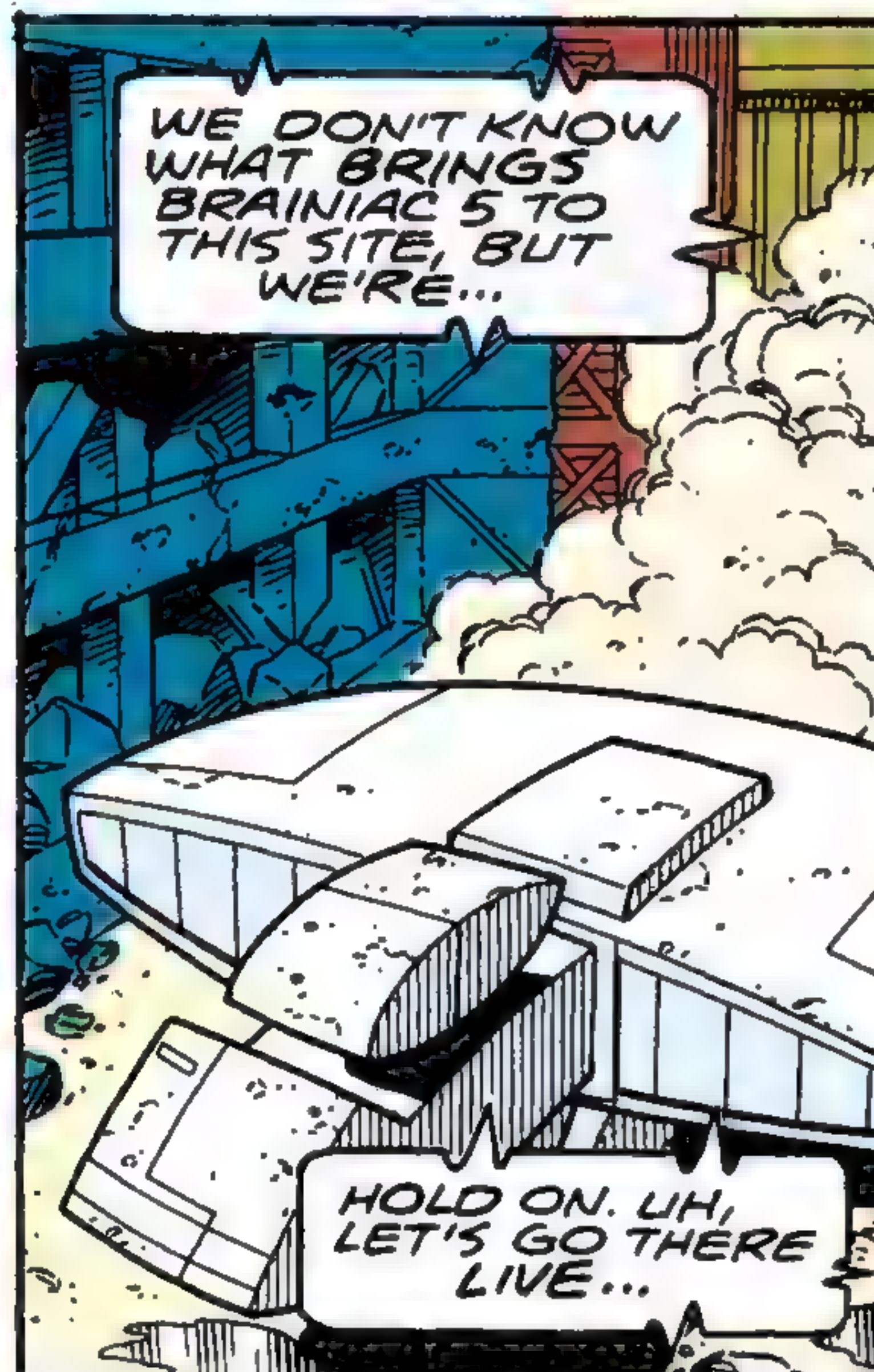
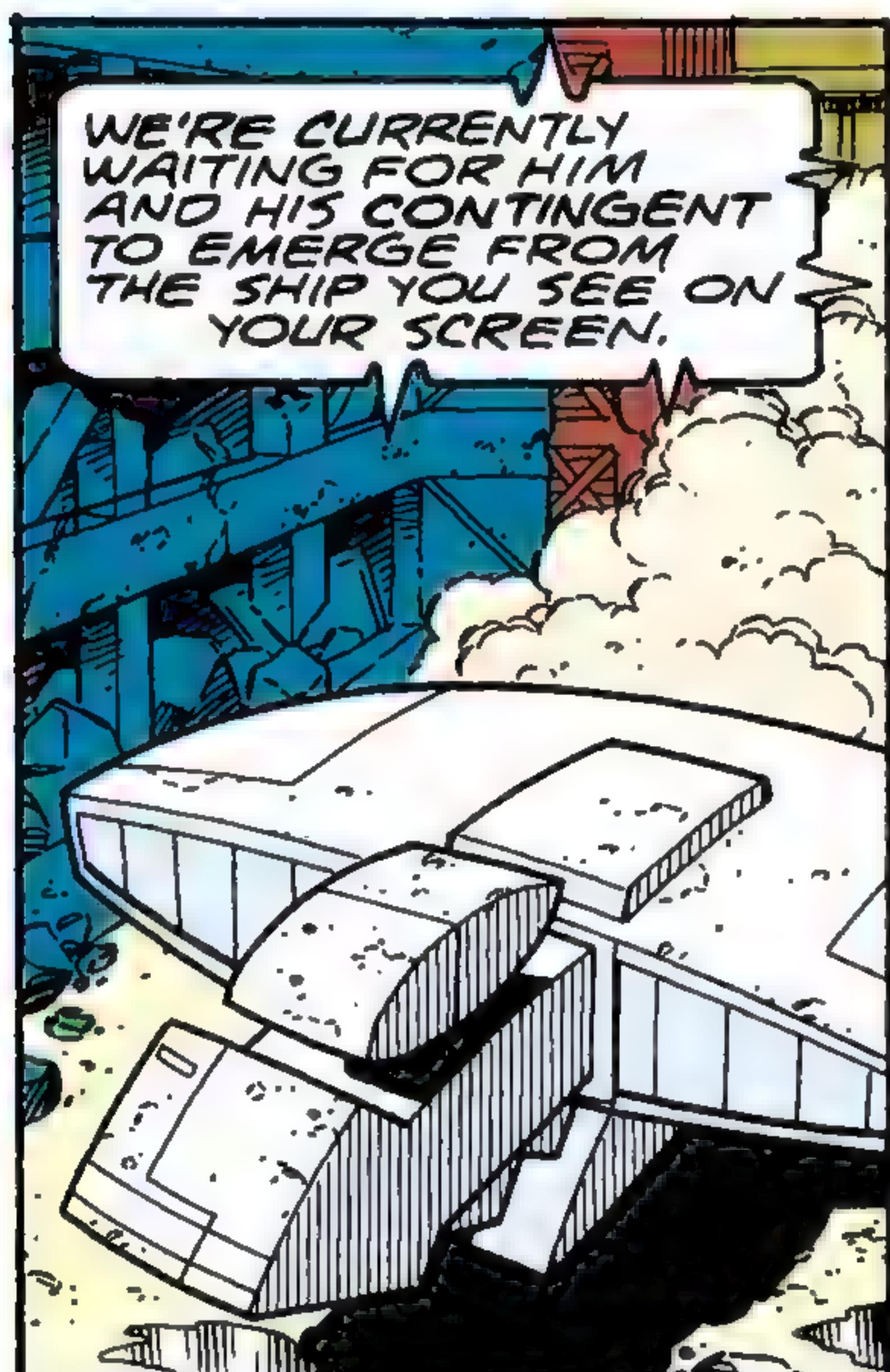
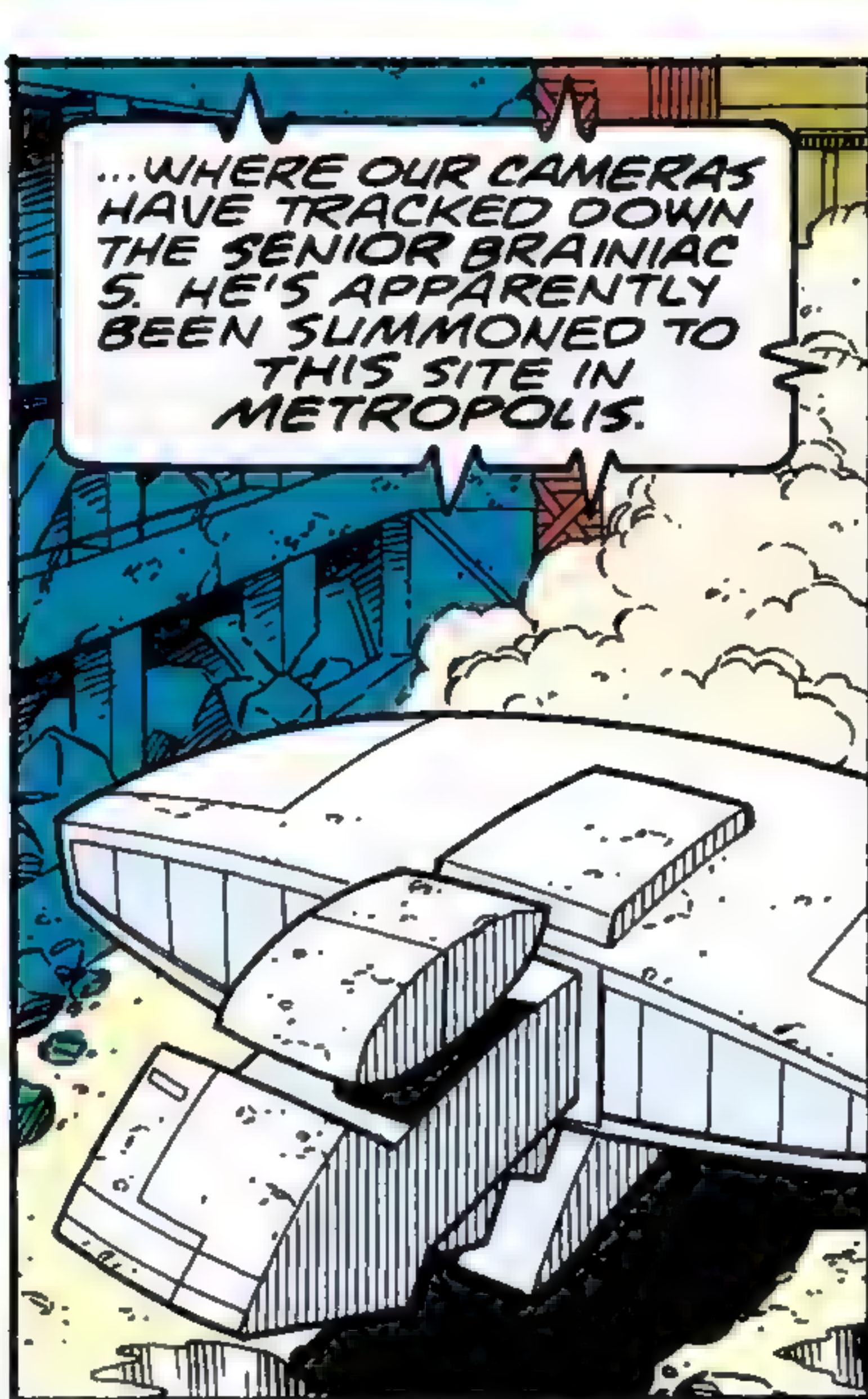
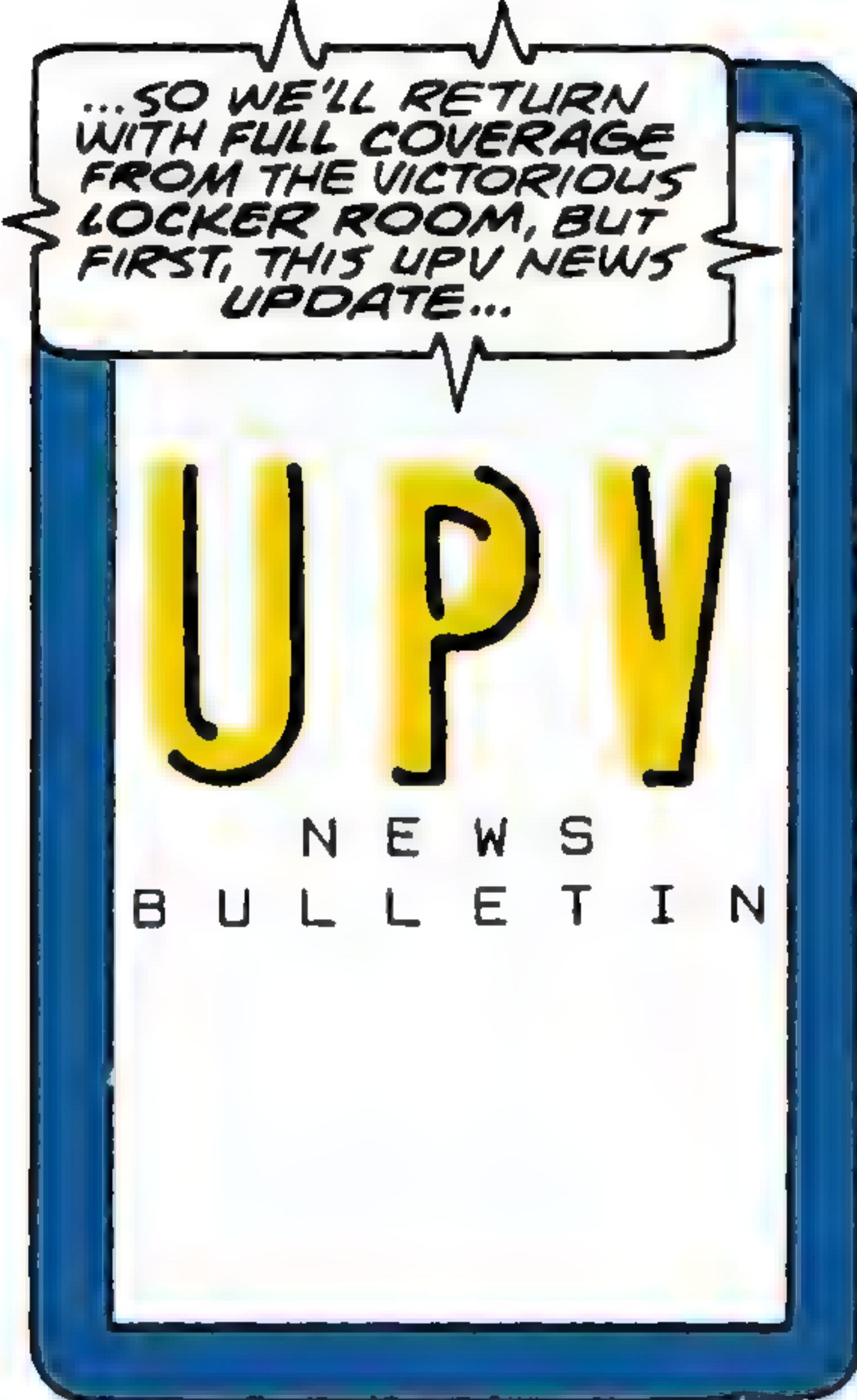












THAT'S RIGHT, KHFEURB. IN A INCREDIBLE ABOUT-FACE, THE UMPIRES HAVE DIS- ALLOWED THE DREAMERS' WINNING HOME RUN.

THEY'RE FITTING WYKE WITH A NEW HANDICAPPER BELT AND THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE HIM DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

AND MAN, HAS THIS CROWD GONE BALLISTIC! LISTEN TO THOSE BOOS!

19

...OUR OWN MANAGER...

...JUST GIVING UP the champion-
ship...

...stinkin' traitor...

CAN IT, MISTER.

I'M THE MANAGER AROUND HERE, AND AS LONG AS I AM, WE'RE GOING TO STAND FOR SOMETHING!

AND WE AREN'T GOING TO ACCEPT A TAINTED CHAMPIONSHIP!

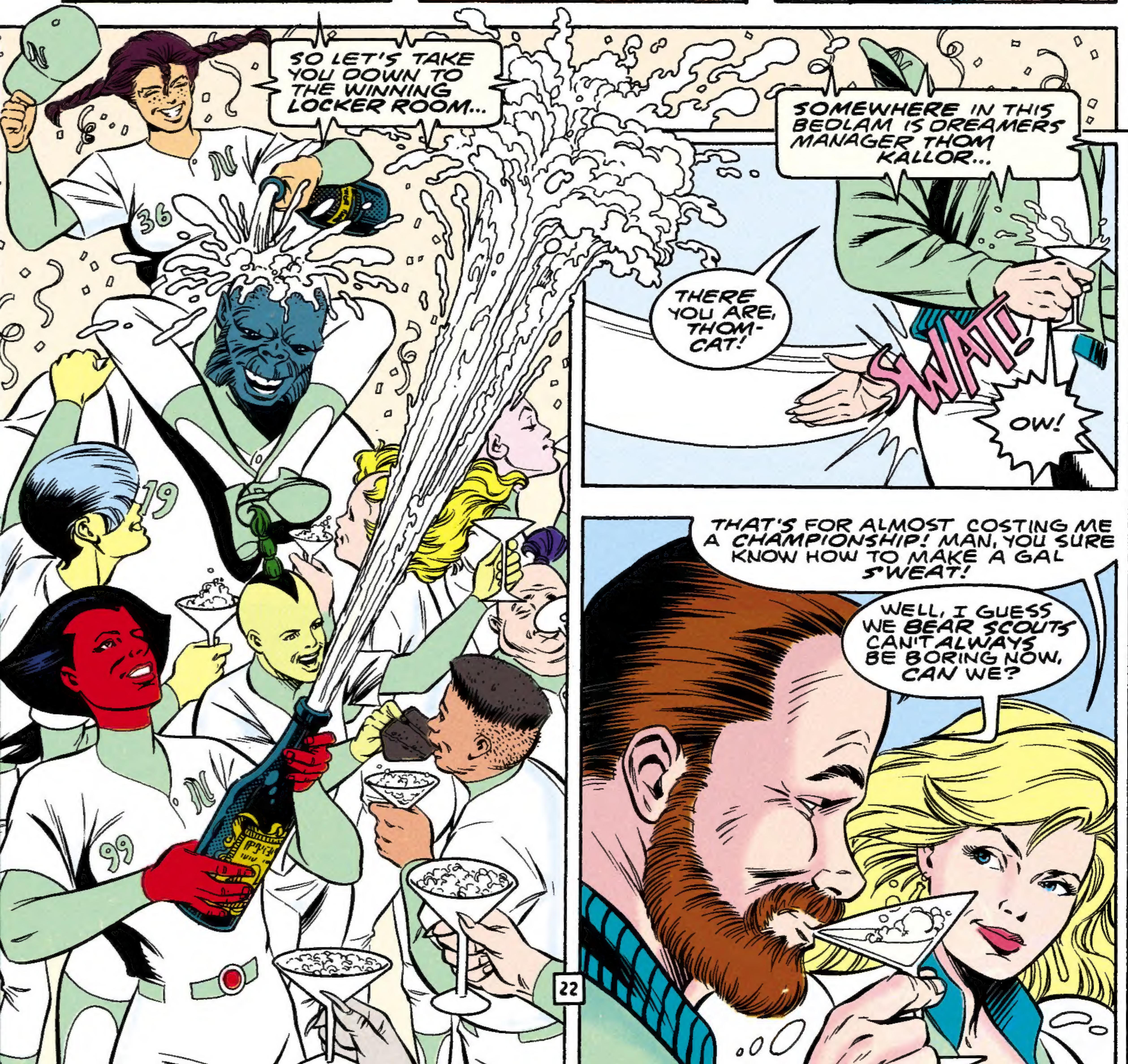
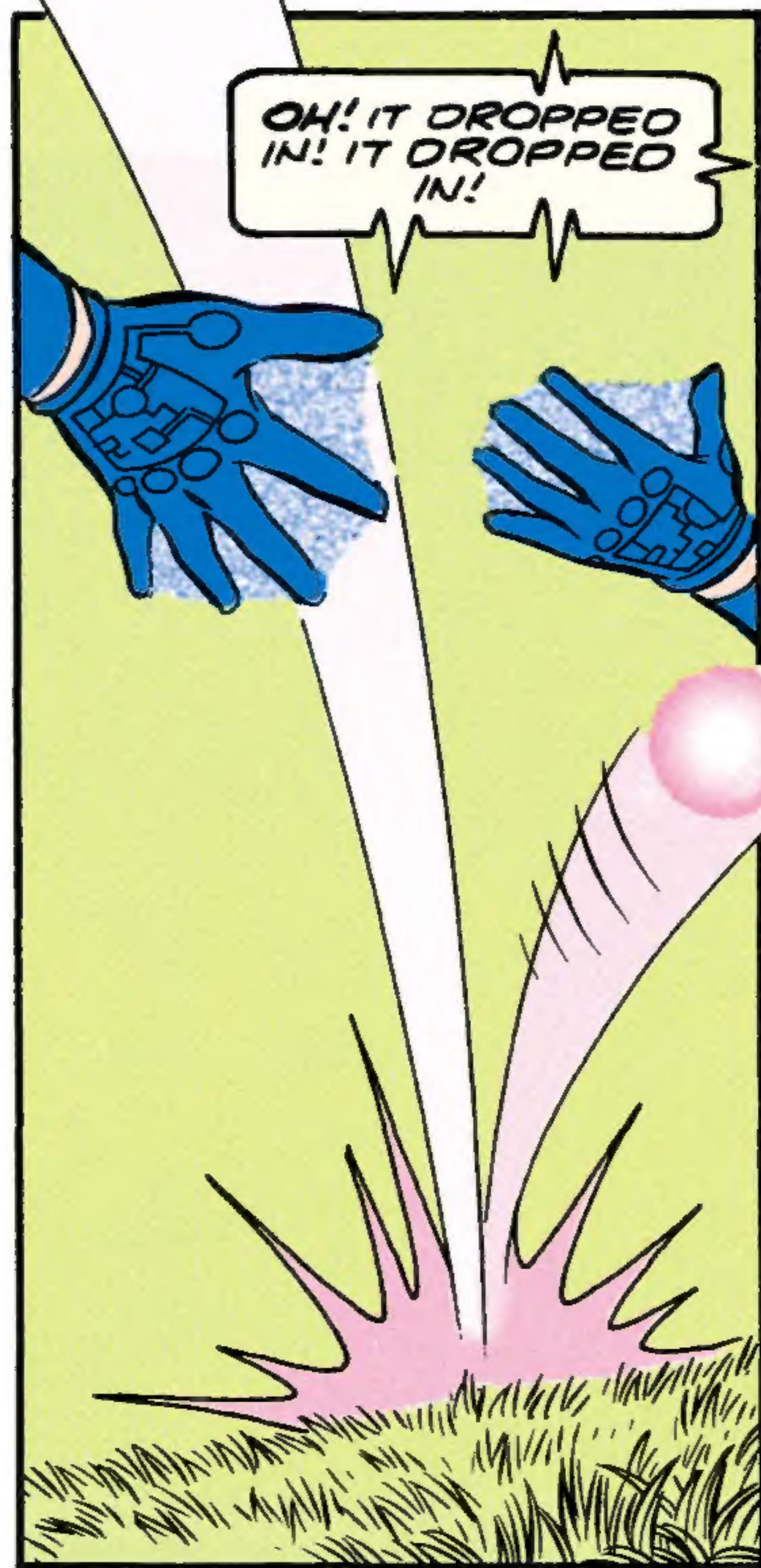
AND THERE'S THE PITCH...

DAMN!

OH! HE POPPED IT UP! IT'S A LAZY POP-UP!

HOLD ON...

...THAT COULD BE TROUBLE!



EARTH...

SO YOU
WANT ME TO
TRAVEL BACK
TO 2978 IN
THAT?

YES, VALOR.
ASSUMING
BRAINY CAN
SALVAGE
IT...

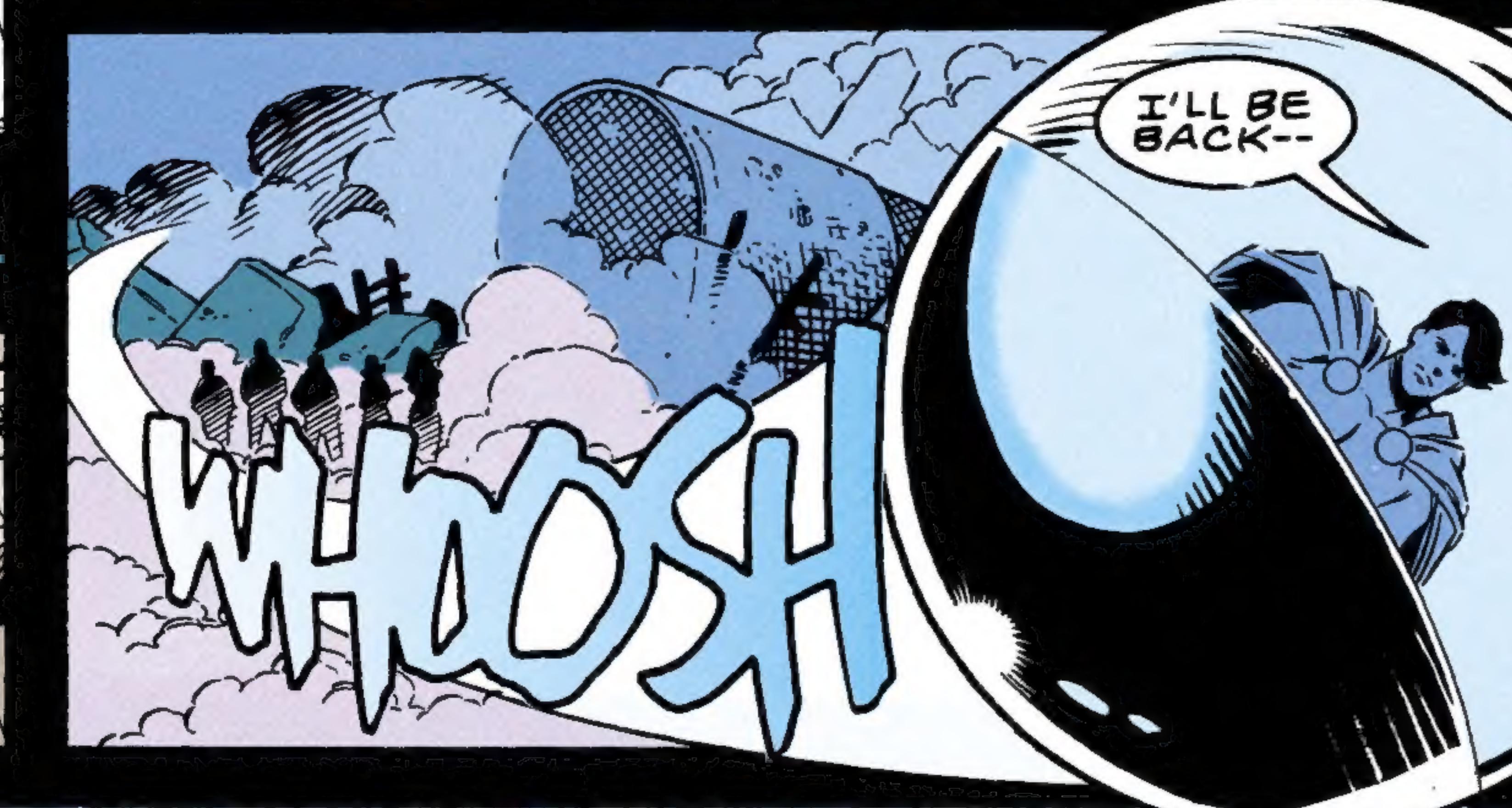
INDEED,
I BELIEVE
I CAN... JUST
A FEW MORE
TOUCHES...

SO WHAT'S
THE POINT? I SAY WE
SHOULD ALL
GO BACK TO
2978. AND
ANYBODY SAYS
WE DON'T BELONG
THERE...WE JUST
BLAST 'EM!

I DON'T
THINK SO,
LIGHTNING
LAO.

WE NEED PROOF
WE BELONG BACK
THERE...THAT WE ARE
WHO WE THINK
WE ARE.

AND WHAT IF THE
TIME STREAM ISN'T
SAFE RIGHT NOW?
VALOR MAY BE THE
ONLY ONE AMONG
US WHO CAN
SURVIVE THE
TRIP...

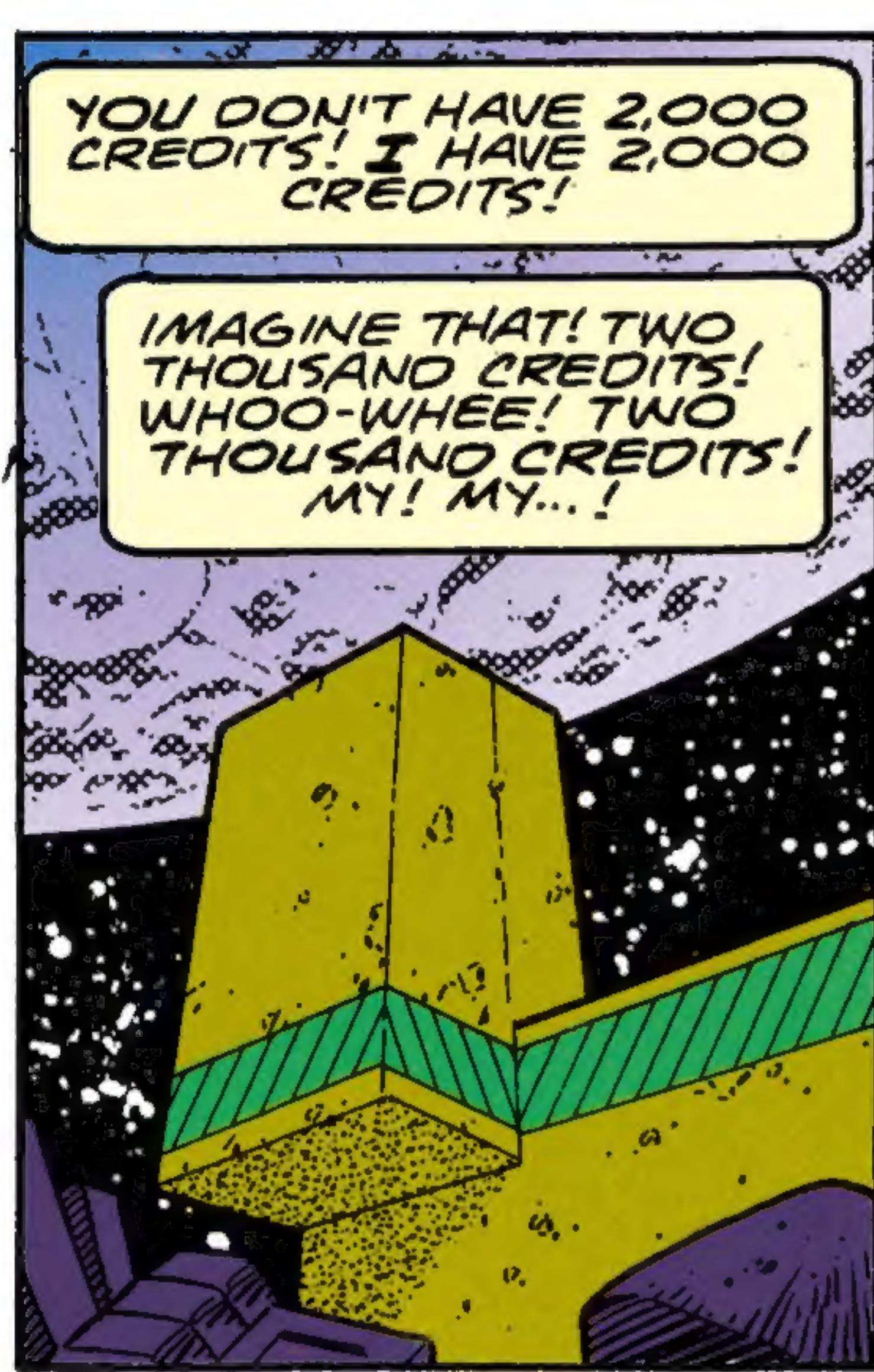
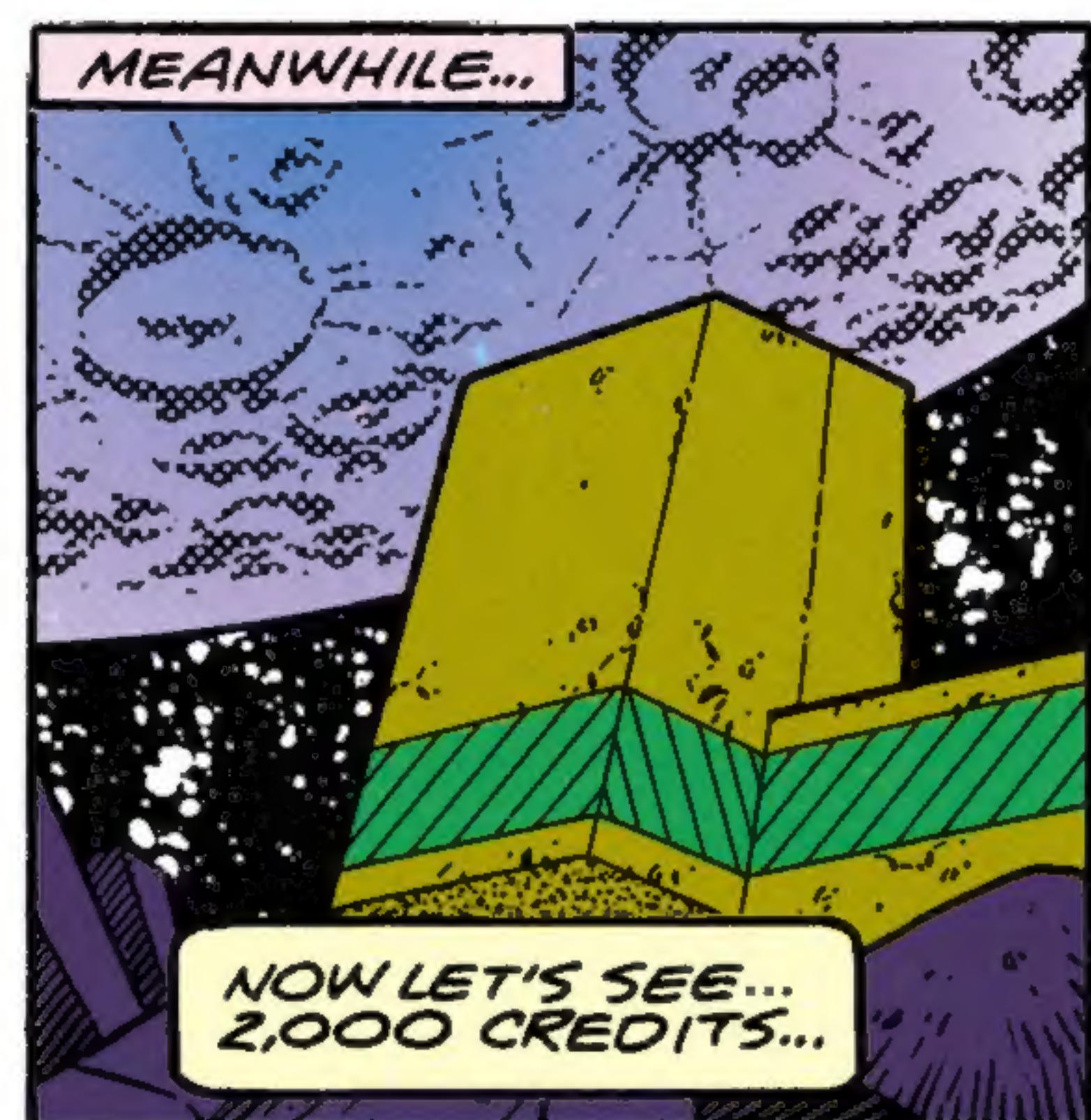


WOW!



...UM...
BRAINY?
WAS THAT
LIGHTNING
SUPPOSED
TO BE
THERE?

UH, NO, NOT
REALLY...



TOM & MARY BIERBAUM
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PENCILLER
JOHN DELL III
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JOHN WORKMAN
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